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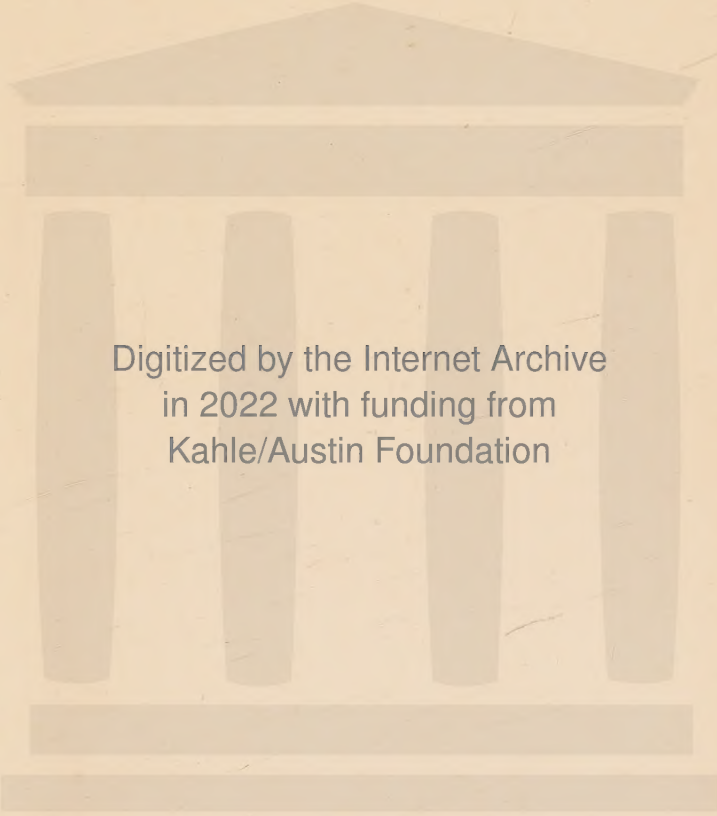
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The Writings of Laurence Sterne
Large Paper Edition

A Sentimental Journey
through France and Italy





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The Dance at Amiens

Popular Song, No. 10

A
SENTIMENTAL
JOURNEY

through France & Italy
By Laurence Sterne

Together with A Political Romance
A Fragment; Journal to Eliza
Letters to Eliza

The Dance at Amiens

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. *Frontispiece*

PRINTED AT THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS

Stratford-upon-Avon; and published
for the Press by David H. Knight, Oxford;
and by Houghton Mifflin Company,
Boston and New York

1927

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A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY *was first published in two small octavo volumes, in February, 1768, bearing the following imprint: LONDON: Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand, MDCCLXVIII. From the printer's memorandum on the MS. in the British Museum, we gather that there were 2,500 copies printed on ordinary paper ($6\frac{1}{4}$ " by $3\frac{3}{4}$ "); and 135 copies on "imperial paper" (7" by $4\frac{1}{4}$ "). A loosesheet was inserted promising that the work would be completed the next year. This sheet is now very seldom found. A second edition was published on March 29th of the same year; and this was quickly followed by "a new Edition," having the same collation, but omitting the List of Subscribers.*

The present text is founded on a careful comparison of the second and other early editions. As in the other volumes of this series, no attempt has been made to correct any vagaries of the spelling that are not obviously misprints, and the typographical characteristics of the early editions have been followed as closely as possible.

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A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Sc. Sc.

—THEY order, said I, this matter better in France—

—You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world.—Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, That one and twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights—I'll look into them: so giving up the argument—I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches—"the coat I have on, said I, looking at the sleeve, will do"—took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricasee'd chicken, so incontestibly in France, that had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *Droits d'aubaine*¹—my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches—port-manteau and all must have gone to the king of France—even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me unto my grave, would have been torn from my neck.—Un-

¹All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are seized by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the spot—the profit of these contingencies being farm'd, there is no redress.

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generous!—to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckon'd to their coast—by heaven! *SIRE*, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renown'd for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with——

But I have scarce set foot in your dominions—

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finish'd my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper—I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No—said I—the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be misled like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind, upon my cheek—more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

—Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us, fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter

than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompress'd, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with.—In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate—the arteries beat all chearily together, and every power which sustained life, performed it with so little friction, that 'twould have confounded the most *physical precieuse* in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine—

I'm confident, said I to myself, I should have overset her creed.

The accession of that idea, carried nature, at that time, as high as she could go—I was at peace with the world before, and this finish'd the treaty with myself——

—Now, was I a King of France, cried I—what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmantau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD scarce utter'd the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant—*sed non quo ad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reasoning upon

the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for ought I know, which influence the tides themselves—'twould oft be no discredit to us to suppose it was so: I'm sure at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied, to have it said by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—button'd it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all commonplace ideas of fat contented ignorance looking down-

wards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had enter'd the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it—

A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—'TIS very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunick—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it: and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full chearfully should it have been open'd to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate.—The monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The monk gave cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we

distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*.

The poor Franciscan made no reply; a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

MY heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had utter'd, crouded back into my imagination:—I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed without the addition of unkind language—I consider'd his gray hairs—his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise,—and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walk'd out into the coach-yard to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: an old ¹Desobligeant in the furthest corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight; so I instantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monsieur Dessein the master of the hôtel—but Monsieur Dessein being gone to vespers, and not caring to face the Franciscan, whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady just arrived, at the inn—I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Desobligeant*.

PREFACE.

IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

IT must have been observed by many a peripatetic philosopher, That nature has set up by her own unquestionable authority certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man: she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner, by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and

¹ A chaise, so called in France, from its holding but one person.

to sustain his sufferings at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burden which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits; but 'tis so ordered, that, from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in education, customs, and habits, we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of sentimental commerce is always against the expatriated adventurer: he must buy what he has little occasion for at their own price—his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large discount—and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for such conversation as he can find, it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party—

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me, (if the see-saw of this *Desobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as the final causes of travelling—

Your idle people that leave their native country, and go abroad for some reason or reasons which may be derived from one of these general causes—

Infirmity of body,
Imbecillity of mind, or
Inevitable necessity.

The first two include all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curiosity, vanity, or spleen, subdivided and combined *in infinitum*.

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers who set out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors recommended by the magistrate—or young gentlemen transported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class, but their number is so small that they would not deserve a distinction, was it not necessary, in a work of this nature, to observe the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confusion of character. And these men I speak of, are such as cross the seas, and sojourn in a land of strangers, with a view of saving money for various reasons, and upon various pretences: but as they might also save themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary trouble by saving their money at home—and as their reasons for travelling are the least complex of any other species of emigrants, I shall distinguish these gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *heads*.

Idle Travellers,
Inquisitive Travellers,

Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers.

Then follow

The Travellers of Necessity.
The delinquent and felonious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The simple Traveller,
And last of all (if you please) The

Sentimental Traveller (meaning thereby myself) who have travell'd, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account—as much out of *Necessity*, and the *besoin de Voyager*, as any one in the class.

I am well aware, at the same time, as both my travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of my fore-runners; that I might have insisted upon a whole nitch entirely to myself—but I should break in upon the confines of the *Vain* Traveller, in wishing to draw attention towards me, 'till I have some better grounds for it, than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle*.

If is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himself, that with study and reflection hereupon he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue—it will be one step towards knowing himself, as it is great odds but he retains some tincture and resemblance of what he imbibed or carried out, to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (observe he was a Dutchman)

never dreamt of drinking the same wine at the Cape, that the same grape produced upon the French mountains—he was too phlegmatic for that—but undoubtedly he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent—he knew enough of this world to know, that it did not depend upon his choice, but that which is generally called *chance* was to decide his success: however, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his discretion, *Mynbeer* might possibly over-set both in his new vineyard; and by discovering his nakedness, become a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor Traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe in pursuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by sailing and posting for that purpose; but whether useful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery—and even where the adventurer is successful, the acquired stock must be used with caution and sobriety to turn to any profit—but as the chances run prodigiously the other way, both as to the acquisition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wisely, if he could prevail upon himself to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either—and indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time cost me, when I have observed how many a foul step the inquisitive Traveller has measured to see sights and look into discoveries; all which, as Sancho Pança said to Don Quixote, they might have seen dry-shod at home. It is an age

so full of light, that there is scarce a country or corner of Europe whose beams are not crossed and interchanged with others——Knowledge in most of its branches, and in most affairs, is like music in an Italian street, whereof those may partake, who pay nothing——But there is no nation under heaven—and God is my record, (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work)——that I do not speak it vauntingly——But there is no nation under heaven abounding with more variety of learning——where the sciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more surely won than here——where art is encouraged, and will soon rise high——where Nature (take her altogether) has so little to answer for——and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with——Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going——

——We are only looking at this chaise, said they——Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat——We were wondering, said one of them, who, I found, was an *inquisitive traveller*——what could occasion its motion.——'Twas the agitation, said I coolly, of writing a preface——I never heard, said the other, who was a *simple traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *Desobligeant*.——It would have been better, said I, in a *Vis a Vis*.

——*As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen*, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I Perceived that something darken'd the passage more than myself, as I stepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Mons. Dessein, the master of the hôtel who had just returned from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *Desobligeant*; and Mons. Dessein speaking of it, with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belong'd to some *innocent traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Mons. Dessein's honour to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finish'd its career of Europe in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard; and having sallied out from thence but a vampt-up business at the first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures—but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be said for it—but something might—and when a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—Now was I the master of this hôtel, said I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Mons. Dessein's breast, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *Desobligeant*——it stands swinging reproaches at you every time you pass by it——

Mon Dieu! said Mons. Dessein—I have no interest—Except the interest, said I, which men of a certain turn of

mind take, Mons. Dessein, in their own sensations—I'm persuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himself, every rainy night, disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon your spirits—You suffer, Mons. Dessein, as much as the machine—

I have always observed when there is as much *sour* as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishman is eternally at a loss within himself, whether to take it, or let it alone: a Frenchman never is; Mons. Dessein made me a bow.

C'est bien vrai, said he—But in this case I should only exchange one disquietude for another, and with loss; figure to yourself, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaise which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris—figure to yourself how much I should suffer, in giving an ill impression of myself to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit*.

The dose was made up exactly after my own prescription; so I could not help taking it—and returning Mons. Dessein his bow, without more casuistry, we walked together towards his Remise, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

IT must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a sorry post-chaise) cannot go forth with the seller thereof into the street to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into

the same frame of mind, and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-park corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor swordsman, and no way a match for Monsieur *Dessein*, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the situation is incident—I looked at Monsieur *Dessein* through and through—ey'd him as he walked along in profile—then, *en face*—thought he look'd like a Jew—then a Turk—disliked his wig—cursed him by my gods—wished him at the devil——

—And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four louis-d'ors, which is the most I can be over-reached in?—Base passion! said I, turning myself about, as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment—base, ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man, and every man's hand against thee—Heaven forbid! said she, raising her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had seen in conference with the monk—she had followed us unperceived——Heaven forbid indeed! said I, offering her my own—she had a black pair of silk gloves open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, so accepted it without reserve—and I led her up to the door of the Remise.

Monsieur *Dessein* had *diabled* the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himself to have it opened; and so attentive to the obstacle, that I continued holding her hand almost without knowing it; so that Monsieur *Dessein* left us together with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the Remise, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the street: in the latter case, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank—you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment upon Monsieur *Dessein*'s leaving us, had been fatal to the situation—she had infallibly turned about—so I begun the conversation instantly.——

——But what were the temptations, (as I write not to apologize for the weaknesses of my heart in this tour, —but to give an account of them)—shall be described with the same simplicity, with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *Desobligeant*, because I saw the monk in close conference with a lady just arrived at the inn—I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said, he was telling her what had passed: something jarred upon it within me—I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the understanding, it saves the judgment a world of pains—I was certain she was of a better order of beings—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impression returned, upon my encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness with which she gave me her hand, shewed, I thought, her good education and her good sense; and as I led her on, I felt a pleasurable ductility about her, which spread a calmness over all my spirits——

—Good God! how a man might lead such a creature as this round the world with him!

I had not yet seen her face—'twas not material; for the drawing was instantly set about, and long before we had got to the door of the Remise, *Fancy* had finish'd the whole head, and pleased herself as much with its fitting her goddess, as if she had dived into the T I B E R for it——but thou art a seduced, and a seducing slut; and albeit thou cheatest us seven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with so many charms dost thou do it, and thou deckest out thy pictures in the shapes of so many angels of light, 'tis a shame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the Remise, she withdrew her hand from across her forehead, and let me see the original—it was a face of about six and twenty—of a clear transparent brown, simply set off without rouge or powder—it was not critically handsome, but there was that in it, which in the frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it—it was interesting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that state of its declension, which had passed the two first paroxysms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itself to its loss—but a thousand other distresses might have traced the same lines; I wish'd to know what they had been

—and was ready to enquire, (had the same *bon ton* of conversation permitted, as in the days of Esdras)——“*What aileth thee? and why art thou disquieted? and why is thy understanding troubled?*”——In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and resolved some way or other to throw in my mite of courtesy —if not of service.

Such were my temptations—and in this disposition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady, with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned closer to to the door of the Remise than what was absolutely necessary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady! said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, must be one of Fortune's whimsical doings: to take two utter strangers by their hands—of different sexes, and perhaps from different corners of the globe, and in one moment place them together in such a cordial situation, as Friendship herself could scarce have achieved for them, had she projected it for a month.——

—And your reflection upon it, shews how much, Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure.——

When the situation is what we would wish, nothing is so ill-timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it

so: you thank Fortune, continued she—you had reason—the heart knew it, and was satisfied; and who but an English philosopher would have sent notices of it to the brain to reverse the judgment?

In saying this, she disengaged her hand with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to give of the weakness of my heart, by owning that it suffered a pain, which worthier occasions could not have inflicted.——I was mortified with the loss of her hand, and the manner in which I had lost it carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a sheepish inferiority so miserably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply; so some way or other, God knows how, I regained my situation.

——She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different conversation for the lady, thinking from the spirit as well as moral of this, that I had been mistaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the spirit which had animated the reply was fled—the muscles relaxed, and I beheld the same unprotected look of distress which first won me to her interest—melancholy! to see such sprightliness the prey of sorrow.——I pitied her from my soul; and though it may seem ridiculous enough to a

torpid heart,—I could have taken her into my arms and cherished her, though it was in the open street, without blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across hers, told her what was passing within me: she looked down—a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own—not as if she was going to withdraw hers—but, as if she thought about it—and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct more than reason directed me to the last resource in these dangers—to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it, of myself; so she let it continue, till Monsieur *Dessein* returned with the key; and in the mean time I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no.—He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frank-

ness; and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me—You shall taste mine—said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand—'Tis most excellent, said the monk; Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blush'd as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together—you never used me unkindly.—I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel to analyse—Excuse me, Madam, replied I—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations—'Tis impossible, said the lady—My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal—The lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible, that a spirit so regulated as his, could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunick; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction—he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest—but be it as it would—he begg'd we

might exchange boxes. In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiss'd it—with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner, to regulate my own, in the justlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandon'd the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but according to his desire, in a little cimiterie belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him,—when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long, that it would have been indecent to let it go, without first pressing it to my lips: the blood and spirits, which had suffered a revulsion from her, crowded back to her, as I did it.

Now the two travellers who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we must be *man and wife*, at least; so stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the Remise, the one of them, who was the inquisitive traveller, ask'd us, if we set out for Paris the next morning?—I could only answer for myself, I said; and the lady added, she was for Amiens.——We dined there yesterday, said the simple traveller—You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris*; but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn-box to take a pinch of snuff—I made them a quiet bow, and wishing them a good passage to Dover—they left us alone.——

—Now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise?—and what mighty mischief could ensue?

Every dirty passion, and bad propensity in my nature,

took the alarm, as I stated the proposition——It will oblige you to have a third horse, said *AVARICE*, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket——You know not what she is, said *CAUTION*——or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whisper'd *COWARDICE*.

Depend upon it, Yorick! said *DISCRETION*, 'twill be said you went off with a mistress, and came by assignation to Calais for that purpose.

—You can never after, cried *HYPOCRISY* aloud, shew your face in the world—or rise, quoth *MEANNESS*, in the church—or be any thing in it, said *PRIDE*, but a lousy prebendary.

But 'tis a civil thing, said *I*——and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose, that I know of, but to encompass the heart with adamant—I turned instantly about to the lady——

—But she had glided off unperceived, as the cause was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the street, by the time I had made the determination; so I set off after her with a long stride, to make her the proposal with the best address I was master of; but observing she walk'd with her cheek half resting upon the palm of her hand——with the slow, short-measur'd step of thoughtfulness, and with her eyes, as she went step by step, fix'd upon the ground, it struck me, she was trying the same cause herself.——God help her! said *I*, she has some mother-in-law, or tartufish aunt, or nonsensical old woman, to consult upon the occasion, as well as myself:

so not caring to interrupt the processe, and deeming it more gallant to take her at discretion than by surprise, I faced about, and took a short turn or two before the door of the Remise, whilst she walk'd musing on one side.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, "that she was of the better order of beings"—and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, That she was a widow, and wore a character of distress—I went no further; I got ground enough for the situation which pleased me—and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under that general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me, ere something within me called out for a more particular inquiry—it brought on the idea of a further separation—I might possibly never see her more—the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted the traces through which my wishes might find their way to her, in case I should never rejoin her myself: in a word, I wished to know her name—her family's—her condition; and as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know from whence she came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I form'd a score of different plans—There was no such thing as a man's asking her directly—the thing was impossible.

A little French *debonaire* captain, who came dancing down the street, shewed me it was the easiest thing in the world; for popping in betwixt us, just as the lady was returning back to the door of the Remise, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to present him to the lady——I had not been presented myself——so turning about to her, he did it just as well by asking her, if she had come from Paris?——No: she was going that rout, she said.——*Vous n'etez pas de Londre?*——She was not, she replied.——Then Madame must have come through Flanders. *Apparemment vous etez Flammande?* said the French captain.——The lady answered she was.——*Peut-être, de Lisle?* added he—She said, she was not of Lisle.——Nor Arras?——nor Cambray?——nor Ghent?——nor Brussels? She answered, she was of Brussels.

He had had the honour, he said, to be at the bombardment of it last war—that it was finely situated, *pour cela*——and full of noblesse when the Imperialists were driven out by the French (the lady made a slight curtsy)—so giving her an account of the affair, and of the share he had had in it—he begg'd the honour to know her name——so made his bow.

———*Et Madame a son Mari?*——said he, looking back when he had made two steps—and without staying for an answer—danced down the street.

Had I served seven years apprenticeship to good breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

AS the little French captain left us, Mons. Dessein came up with the key of the Remise in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as Mons. Dessein open'd the door of the Remise, was another old tatter'd *Desobligeant*; and notwithstanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy so much in the coach-yard but an hour before—the very sight of it stirr'd up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churlish beast into whose heart the idea could first enter, to construct such a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of using it.

I observed the lady was as little taken with it as myself: so Mons. Dessein led us on to a couple of chaises which stood abreast, telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris, so were in all respects as good as new—They were too good—so I pass'd on to a third, which stood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price—But 'twill scarce hold two, said I, opening the door and getting in—Have the goodness, Madam, said Mons. Dessein, offering his arm, to step in—The lady hesitated half a second, and stepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak to Mons. Dessein, he shut the door of the chaise upon us, and left us.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

C'EST bien comique, 'tis very droll, said the lady smiling, from the reflection that this was the second time we had been left together by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies—*c'est bien comique*, said she.—

—There wants nothing, said I, to make it so, but the comick use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to—to make love the first moment, and an offer of his person the second.

'Tis their *fort*: replied the lady.

It is supposed so at least—and how it has come to pass, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth: but for my own part, I think them errant bunglers, and in truth the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *sentiments*!

I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of cloaths out of remnants;—and to do it—pop—at first sight by declaration—is submitting the offer and themselves with it, to be sifted, with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if she expected I should go on.

Consider then, Madam, continued I, laying my hand upon her's—

That grave people hate Love for the name's sake—

That selfish people hate it for their own—

Hypocrites for heaven's—

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frighten'd than hurt by the very *report*—

What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at least after the time, that his silence upon it becomes tormenting. A course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm—nor so vague as to be misunderstood,—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it—leaves Nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind.—

Then I solemnly declare, said the lady, blushing—you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR *Dessein* came back to let us out of the chaise, and acquaint the lady, the Count de L—— her brother, was just arrived at the hôtel. Though I had infinite good-will for the lady, I cannot say, that I rejoiced in my heart at the event—and could not help

telling her so—for it is fatal to a proposal, Madam, said I, that I was going to make to you—

—You need not tell me what the proposal was, said she, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted me.—A man, my good Sir, has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some moments before.—

Nature arms her with it, said I, for immediate preservation—But I think, said she, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend—and to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had—(she stopp'd a moment)—I believe your good-will would have drawn a story from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In saying this, she suffered me to kiss her hand twice, and with a look of sensibility mixed with a concern, she got out of the chaise—and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expeditiously in my life: my time seemed heavy upon the loss of the lady, and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myself into motion—I ordered post-horses directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! said I, hearing the town-clock strike four, and

recollecting that I had been little more than a single hour in Calais—

—What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who having eyes to see, what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on.——

—If this won't turn out something—another will—no matter—'tis an assay upon human nature——I get my labour for my pains—'tis enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood, awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beersbeba*, and cry, 'Tis all barren——and so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands chearily together, that was I in a desart, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections——If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to——I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection——I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he

pass'd by was discoloured or distorted——He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was just coming out of it.—'*Tis nothing but a huge cock pit*,¹ said he——I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis, replied I—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, “wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat: the Anthropophagi”——he had been flea'd alive, and be-devil'd, and used worse than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at——

—I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You had better tell it, said I, to your physician.

Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples—from Naples to Venice—from Venice to Vienna—to Dresden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleasurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travell'd straight on, looking neither to his right hand or his left, lest Love or Pity should seduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itself,

¹ *Vide* S[mollett]'s Travels.

was it possible to get there with such tempers, would want objects to give it—every gentle spirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival——Nothing would the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of love, and fresh congratulations of their common felicity——I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and was the happiest mansion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be so far from being happy, that the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postilion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting——Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me, that that was the very thing.

A servant! That I do most sadly, quoth I——Because, Monsieur, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman——But why an English one, more than any other?——They are so generous, said the landlord—I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night——But they have wherewithal to be so, Monsieur, added he—Set down one livre

more for that, quoth I——It was but last night, said the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois presentoit un ecu a la fille de chambre—Tant pis, pour Mademoiselle Janatone*, said I.

Now Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis*—but, *tant mieux. Tant mieux, toujours, Monsieur*, said he, when there is any thing to be got—*tant pis*, when there is nothing. It comes to the same thing, said I. *Pardonnez moi*, said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis at our ambassador's table demanded of Mr. H——, if he was H—— the poet? No, said H—— mildly—*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

It is H—— the historian, said another——*Tant mieux*, said the Marquis. And Mr. H——, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of—saying only first, That as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing—Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord delivered this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon—and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so, than when a poor devil comes to offer his service to so poor a devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account—and this more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case—and I may add the gender too, of the person I am to govern.

When La Fleur enter'd the room, after every discount I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; so I hired him first—and then began to inquire what he could do: But I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them—besides, a Frenchman can do everything.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most

Frenchmen do, with *serv'ing* for a few years; at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found, moreover, That the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory to him—he retired *à ses terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu*——that is to say, upon nothing.

—And so, quoth *Wisdom*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of your's through France and Italy! Psha! said I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a humdrum *compagnon du voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay besides? When a man can extricate himself with an *equivoque* in such an unequal match—he is not ill off——But you can do something else, La Fleur? said I——*O qu'oui!*—he could make spatterdashes, and play a little upon the fiddle——Bravo! said *Wisdom*——Why, I play a bass myself, said I—we shall do very well. You can shave, and dress a wig a little, La Fleur?——He had all the dispositions in the world—It is enough for heaven! said I, interrupting him—and ought to be enough for me——So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other—I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

AS La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little further in his behalf, by saying, that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow—he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happen'd to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper—it supplied all defects—I had a constant resource in his looks in all difficulties and distresses of my own—I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether 'twas hunger or thirst, or cold or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by—he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb—but he seemed at first sight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him—he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning, La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen shirts and silk pair of breeches; and bid him fasten all upon the chaise—get the horses put to—and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'est un garçon du bonne fortune, said the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postilion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is scarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is always in love."——I am heartily glad of it, said I—'twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur's elege, as my own, having been in love with one princess or another almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so till I die, being firmly persuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another: while this interregnum lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up——I can scarce find in it to give Misery a sixpence, and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can; and the moment I am rekindled,

I am all generosity and good will again, and would do any thing in the world either for, or with any one, if they will but satisfy me there is no sin in it.

—But in saying this—surely I am commending the passion—not myself.

A FRAGMENT.

———T H E town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations—libels, pasquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day—’twas worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came to pass, that the Andromeda of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it: but of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender strokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic speech of Perseus, *O Cupid! prince of God and men*, &c. Every man almost spoke pure iambics the next day, and talk’d of nothing but Perseus his pathetic address—“O Cupid! prince of God and men”—in every street of Abdera, in every house—“O Cupid! Cupid!”—in every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drops from it whether it will nor no—nothing but “Cupid! Cupid! prince of God

and men"——The fire caught—and the whole city, like the heart of one man, open'd itself to Love.

No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of helebore—not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death—Friendship and Virtue met together, and kiss'd each other in the street—the golden age return'd, and hung over the town of Abdera—every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chastely sat her down and listen'd to the song——

'Twas only in the power, says the Fragment, of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little sour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise; and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, "let them go to the devil"—'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables, and they have had sufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand, and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—they will be register'd elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first publick act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! said I, I have but eight sous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou order'd it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

—I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish brisk fellow, who stood over-against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offer'd a pinch on both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined——The poor little fellow press'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeness——*Prenez en—prenez*, said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch——Pity thy box should ever want one, said I to my-

self; so I put a couple of sous into it—taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it——He felt the weight of the second obligation more than that of the first—'twas doing him an honour—the other was only doing him a charity—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the service—here's a couple of sous for thee. *Vive le Roi!* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left: so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd——The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher et très charitable Monsieur——There's no opposing this, said I.

My Lord Anglois—the very sound was worth the money—so I gave *my last sous for it*. But in the eagerness of giving, I had overlooked a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed, would have perish'd e'er he could have ask'd one for himself: he stood by the chaise a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days——Good God! said I—and have I not one single sous left to give him——But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me—so I gave him—no matter what—I am ashamed to say *how much*, now—and was ashamed to think, how little, then: so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as

these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous benisse*——*Et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore*——said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre bonteux* could say nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thank'd me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little *bidet*,¹ and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)—he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.——

——But what is happiness! what is grandeur in this painted scene of life! A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career—his bidet would not pass by it—a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French christian, saying neither more or less upon it, than, *Diable!* so presently got up and came to the charge again astride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

¹ Post-horse.

The bidet flew from one side of the road to the other—then back again—then this way—then that way, and in short every way but by the dead ass.—La Fleur insisted upon the thing—and the bidet threw him.

What's the matter, La Fleur, said I, with this bidet of thine?—*Monsieur*, said he, *c'est un cheval le plus opiniâtre du monde*.—Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way, replied I—so La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good sound lash, the bidet took me at my word, and away he scamper'd back to Montriul.—*Peste!* said La Fleur.

It is not *mal à propos* to take notice here, that though La Fleur availed himself but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter—namely, *Diable!* and *Peste!* that there are nevertheless three, in the French language; like the positive, comparative, and superlative, one or the other of which serve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable! which is the first and positive degree, is generally used upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to your expectations—such as—the throwing once doublets—La Fleur's being kick'd off his horse, and so forth—cuckoldom, for the same reason, is always—*Le Diable!*

But in cases where the cast has something provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots—'tis the second degree.

'Tis then *Peste!*

And for the third——

——But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miseries must have been their lot, and how bitterly so refined a people must have smarted, to have forced them upon the use of it.——

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in distress!——whatever is my *cast*, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

——But as these were not to be had in France, I resolved to take every evil just as it befel me without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no such covenant with himself, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of sight—and then, you may imagine, if you please, with what word he closed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horse in jack-boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaise, or into it.——

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the post-house at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

—AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me.—I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone-bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—look'd at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it sometime in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one

seem'd desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern——La Fleur offer'd him money.——The mourner said, he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass,—but the loss of him.——The ass, he said, he was assured loved him—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought for him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the

loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive—but now that he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself—Did we love each other, as this poor soul but loved his ass—'twould be something.—

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's story threw me into, required some attention; the postilion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pavé* in a full gallop.

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I should have had an high opinion of the postilion, had he but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace.—On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's sake, to go slower—and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped.—The deuce take him and his galloping too—said I—he'll go on tearing my nerves to
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pieces till he has worked me into a foolish passion, and then he'll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.

The postilion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of temper with him—and then with myself, for being so.

My case then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me.——

—Then, prithee, get on—get on, my good lad, said I.

The postilion pointed to the hill—I then tried to return back to the story of the poor German and his ass——but I had broke the clue—and could no more get into it again, than the postilion could into a trot.——

——The deuce go, said I, with it all! Here am I sitting as candidly disposed to make the best of the worst, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one sweet lenitive at least for evils, which nature holds out to us; so I took it kindly at her hands, and fell asleep; and the first word which roused me was *Amiens*.

——Bless me! said I, rubbing my eyes—this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

A M I E N S .

THE words were scarce out of my mouth, when the Count de L***'s post-chaise, with his sister in it, drove hastily by: she had just time to make me a bow of recognition—and of that particular kind of it, which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I had quite finished my supper, her brother's servant came into the room with a billet, in which she said, she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to present myself to Madame R*** the first morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story—that she still owed it me; and if my rout should ever lay through Brussels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L***—that Madame de L*** would be glad to discharge her obligation.

Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit, at Brussels—'tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the rout of Flanders, home—'twill scarce be ten posts out of my way; but were it ten thousand! with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in sharing in the sickening incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer? to see her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is there still left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I'm sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night besides her.

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterest and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some one; and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before—swearing as I did it, that it should last me through the whole journey—Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity—she had a right to my whole heart—to divide my affections was to lessen them—to expose them, was to risk them: where there is risk, there may be loss:—and what wilt thou have, Yorick! to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence—so good, so gentle and unrepublishing!

——I will not go to Brussels, replied I, interrupting myself—but my imagination went on——I recall'd her looks at that crisis of our separation, when neither of us had power to say Adieu! I look'd at the picture she had tied in a black ribband about my neck—and blush'd as I look'd at it—I would have given the world to have kiss'd it,—but was ashamed——And shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands—shall it be smitten to its very root—and smitten, Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast?

Eternal fountain of happiness! said I, kneeling down upon the ground—be thou my witness—and every pure spirit which tastes it, be my witness also, That I would

not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven.

In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER.

A MIENS.

FORTUNE had not smiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry—and not one thing had offered to signalize his zeal for my service from the time he had enter'd into it, which was almost four and twenty hours. The poor soul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L***'s servant's coming with the letter, being the first practicable occasion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it, and in order to do honour to his master, had taken him into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Picardy; and the Count de L***'s servant in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeness with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hôtel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in shewing them, La Fleur, in less than five minutes, had pull'd out his fife, and leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre d'hôtel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the houshold, dogs and cats, besides an

old monkey, a dancing: I suppose there never was a merrier kitchen since the flood.

Madame de L***, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity, rung up her *fille de chambre* to ask about it; and hearing it was the English gentleman's servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she order'd him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty, he had loaden'd himself in going up stairs with a thousand compliments to Madame de L***, on the part of his master—added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health—told her, that Monsieur his master was *au desespoir* for her re-establishment from the fatigues of her journey—and, to close all, that Monseieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour—And he has done me the honour, said Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, to send a billet in return.

Madame de L*** had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectations—he trembled for my honour—and possibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be a wanting *en egards vis-à-vis d'une femme*; so that when Madame de L*** asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter, *O qu'oui*, said La Fleur: so laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right-side pocket with his left hand, he began to search for the letter with his right,—then contrariwise—*Diable!*—then sought every pocket—pocket

by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob——*Peste!*—then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor—pulled out a dirty cravat—a handkerchief—a comb—a whip-lash—a night-cap—then gave a peep into his hat——*Quelle étourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the Auberge—he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole story simply as it was; and only added, that if Monsieur had forgot (*par hazard*) to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas*—and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether sure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had——a devil himself could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have mistook the road—or embarrassed me in so doing—his heart was in no fault——I was under no necessity to write—and what weighed more than all—he did not look as if he had done amiss.

——'Tis all very well, La Fleur, said I——'Twas sufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightening, and returned with pen, ink and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun and begun again; and though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been express'd in

half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way please myself.

In short, I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stepp'd out and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink—then fetch'd sand and seal-wax——It was all one: I wrote and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again—*Le Diable l'emporte!* said I half to myself—I cannot write this self-same letter; throwing the pen down despairingly as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the most respectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket, wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour——Then prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pull'd out a little dirty pocket-book cramm'd full of small letters and billet-doux in a sad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the string which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came to the letter in question——*La voila!* said he, clapping his hands; so unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

JE suis pénétré de la douleur la plus vive, et réduit en même temps au désespoir par ce retour imprévu du Corporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce soir la chose du monde la plus impossible.

Mais vive la joie ! et toute la mienne sera de penser à vous.

L'amour n'est *rien* sans sentiment.

Et le sentiment est encore *moins* sans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais se désespérer.

On dit aussi que Monsieur le Corporal monte la garde Mercredi : alors ce sera mon tour.

Chacun a son tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour ! et vive la bagatelle !

Je suis, Madame,

Avec toutes les sentiments le plus
respectueux et les plus tendres
tout à vous.

J A Q U E S R O Q U E .

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count—and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday—and the letter was neither right or wrong—so to gratify the poor fellow, who stood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter,—I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way—I seal'd it up and sent him with it to Madame de L***—and the next morning we pursued our journey to Paris.

P A R I S .

WHEN a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks—'tis very well in such a place as Paris—he may drive in at which end of a street he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whose whole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best quit the field; and signalize himself in the cabinet, if he can get up into it—I say *up into it*—for there is no descending perpendicular amongst 'em with a "*Me voici! mes enfans*"—here I am—whatever many may think.

I own my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure.—The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had lost their vizards—the young in armour bright, which shone like

gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the east——all——all tilting at it like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love.——

Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom——seek——seek some winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled or flambeau shot its rays——there thou mayest solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind *grisset* of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries!——

——May I perish! if I do, said I, pulling out the letter which I had to present to Madame de R***.——I'll wait upon this lady the very first thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go seek me a barber directly—and come back and brush my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he absolutely refused to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

——But I fear, friend! said I, this buckle won't stand.——You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will stand.——

What a great scale is every thing upon in this city!

thought I——The utmost stretch of an English periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into a pail of water"——What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confess I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally so struck with the great works of nature, that for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublime in this instance of it, is this—that the grandeur is *more* in the *word*; and *less* in the *thing*. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas; but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles out of it, to try the experiment—the Parisian barber meant nothing——

The pail of water standing besides the great deep, makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech—but 'twill be said—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a single moment.

In honest truth, and upon a more candid revision of the matter, *The French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical *minutiæ*, than in the most important matters of state; where great men of all nations talk and stalk so much alike, that I would not give ninepence to chuse amongst them.

I was so long in getting from under my barber's hands,

that it was too late of thinking of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night: but when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account; so taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go—I shall consider of that, said I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

——Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opera comique:——Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work——

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door——

——*Tres volontiers*; most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from

the low chair she was sitting in, with so chearful a movement and so chearful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said — "This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second—then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf*, which you must cross—and there, any one will do himself the pleasure to shew you——

She repeated her instructions three times over to me with the same good natur'd patience the third time as the first;—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out—she seemed really interested, that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I look'd very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop,

as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgot.—Is it possible! said she, half laughing.—’Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

——*Attendez!* said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back-shop, to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place.—So I walk’d in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand, which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down besides her.

——He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment—And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist) I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world—Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery—

——Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever——How wouldst thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profession?—and thou shouldst have laugh'd and moralized on——Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, “there are worse occupations in this world *than feeling a woman's pulse.*”——But a Grisset's! thou wouldst have said—and in an open shop! Yorick——

——So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning.——'Twas no body but her husband, she said—so I began a fresh score——Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he pass'd by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse——The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said, I did him too much honour—and having said that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out—and can this man be the husband of this woman!

Yorick feeling the Grisset's Pulse

A S E N T I M E N T A L J O U R N E Y . *To face page 64*



Yours & Pals's, G. & Co. Pulse

London, 1841

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant——Monsieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your feet——

——Surely——surely man! it is not good for thee to sit alone——thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to as my evidence.

—— And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she.
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——With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected——She was going to say something civil in return—but the lad came into the shop with the gloves——*A propos*, said I; I want a couple of pair myself.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful Grisset rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful Grisset measured them one by one across my hand—It would not alter the dimensions——She begg'd I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least——She held it open—my hand slipp'd into it at once——It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little——No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infecter. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it—it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful Grisset look'd sometimes at the gloves, then side-ways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence—I followed her example: so I look'd at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack——she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye lashes with such penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins—It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did——

—It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Grisset had not ask'd above a single livre above the price—I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about——Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome——So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was nobody in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse; but that I once knew one—for he is no more—and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death—but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, return'd them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world—the sense is this:

“Here’s a poor stranger come into the box—he seems as if he knew nobody; and is never likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles on his nose—’tis shutting the door of

conversation absolutely in his face—and using him worse than a German.”

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud; and if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, “I was sensible of his attention, and return’d him a thousand thanks for it.”

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically, that when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way; and have more than once stood behind in the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini’s concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquesina de F*** was coming out in a sort of a hurry—she was almost upon me before I saw her: so I gave a spring to one side to let her pass—She had done the same, and on the same side too; so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side to get out: I was just as unfortunate as she had been; for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again——We both flew together to the other side, and then back——and so on——it was ridiculous; we both blush’d intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first——I stood stock still, and the Marquesina had no more

difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage——She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather side-ways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her——No, said I—that's a vile translation: the Marquesina has a right to the best apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in——so I ran and begg'd pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying, it was my intention to have made her way. She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me——so we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no *chichesbee* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach——so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and the adventure——Upon my word, Madame, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out——And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter——I wish to heaven you would make a seventh, said I——With all my heart, said she, making room——Life is too short to be long about the forms of it——so I instantly stepp'd in, and she carried me home with her——And what became of the concert, St Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; so that being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre*—and that was, the unaccountable sport of nature in forming such numbers of dwarfs.——No doubt, she sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world; but in Paris, there is no end to her amusements——The goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *opera comique* with me, I measured every body I saw walking in the streets by it—Melancholy application! especially where the size was extremely little—the face extremely dark—the eyes quick—the nose long—the teeth white—the jaw prominent—to see so many miserales, by force of accidents driven out of their own proper class into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down—every third man a pigmy!—some by rickety heads and hump backs—others by bandy legs—a third set arrested by the hand of Nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth—a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees; from the first rudiments and stamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might say, 'tis owing to undue bandages—a splenetic one, to want of air—and an inquisitive traveller, to fortify the system, may measure the

height of their houses—the narrowness of their streets, and in how few feet square in the sixth and seventh stories such numbers of the *Bourgeoisie* eat and sleep together; but I remember, Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body else, in speaking one evening of these matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world; but the misery was, the citizens of Paris were so coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them—I do not call it getting any thing, said he—'tis getting nothing—Nay, continued he, rising in his argument, 'tis getting worse than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five and twenty years of the tenderest care and most nutritious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at last be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said upon it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave the solution as I found it, and content myself with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carousal to the Palais Royal, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty—Never mind, said I; some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size or strength to get on in the world—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and

had scarce got seated beside my old French officer, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the parterre, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust some how or other into this luckless place—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most, was a tall corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress——The German turn'd his back, look'd down upon him as Goliath did upon David—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn box——And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so temper'd to *bear and forbear!*—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old French officer, seeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter—I told him the story in three words; and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife—The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by insult, be it to who it will, makes every man of sentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it.—The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger at the distress—the centinel made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance—the thing told itself; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him.—This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together—And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

—In England, dear Sir, said I, *we sit all at our ease.*

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance,—by saying it was a *bon mot*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth something at Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

IT was now my turn to ask the old French officer “what was the matter?” for a cry of “*Haussez les mains, Monsieur l’Abbé,*” re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the parterre, was as unintelligible to me, as my apostrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was some poor Abbé in one of the upper loges, who, he supposed, had got planted perdu behind a couple of grissets in order to see the opera; and that the parterre espying him, were insisting upon his holding up both his hands during the representation.—And can it be supposed, said I, that an ecclesiastic would pick the grissets’ pockets? The old French officer smiled, and whispering in my ear, open’d a door of knowledge which I had no idea of——

Good God! said I, turning pale with astonishment—is it possible, that a people so smit with sentiment should at the same time be so unclean, and so unlike themselves——*Quelle grossièreté!* added I.

The French officer told me, it was an illiberal sarcasm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the *Tartuffe* was given in it, by Moliere—but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining——Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *grossièretés*, in which they take the lead, and lose it of one another by turns—that he had been in most countries, but

never in one where he found not some delicacies, which others seemed to want. *Le Pour et le Contre se trouvent en chaque nation*; there is a balance, said he, of good and bad every where; and nothing but the knowing it is so can emancipate one half of the world from the prepossessions which it holds against the other—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *sçavoir vivre*, was by seeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of such candour and good sense, as coincided with my first favourable impressions of his character—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I mistook the object—’twas my own way of thinking—the difference was, I could not have expressed it half so well.

It is alike troublesome to both the rider and his beast—if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and starting all the way at every object which he never saw before—I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; and yet I honestly confess, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I blush’d at many a word the first month—which I found inconsequent and perfectly innocent the second.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town——Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtues and purity of heart——In our return back, Madame de Rambouliet

desired me to pull the cord——I asked her, if she wanted any thing——*Rien que pisser*, said Madame de Rambouliet——

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p—ss on——And ye fair mystic nymphs! go each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path——for Madame de Rambouliet did no more——I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste CASTALIA, I could not have served at her fountain with a more respectful decorum.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

A Sentimental Journey
through France and Italy
Vol. II

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Éc. Éc.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had deliver'd upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son upon the same subject into my head—and that bringing in Hamlet; and Hamlet, the rest of Shakespear's works, I stopp'd at the Quai de Conti, in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world——
Comment! said I, taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us.——He said, they were sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de B****.

——And does the Count de B****, said I, read Shakespear? *C'est un Esprit fort*, replied the bookseller.——He loves English books; and what is more to his honour, Monsieur, he loves the English too. You speak this so civilly, said I, that 'tis enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a Louis d'or or two at your shop——the bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something, when a young decent girl of about twenty, who by

her air and dress seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Esprit*: the bookseller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little green satten purse run round with a ribband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money, and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out at the door together.

——And what have you to do, my dear, said I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who scarce know yet you have one; nor, till love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ache, can'st thou ever be sure it is so. —— *Le Dieu m'en garde!* said the girl. —— With reason, said I; for if it is a good one, 'tis pity it should be stolen: 'tis a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dress'd out with pearls.

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her satten purse by its ribband in her hand all the time——'Tis a very small one, said I, taking hold of the bottom of it—she held it towards me—and there is very little in it, my dear, said I; but be but as good as thou art handsome, and heaven will fill it. I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespear; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in; and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more a humble court'sy than a low one—'twas one of those quiet, thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you'll remember it—so don't, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.

Upon my word, Sir, said the girl, earnestly, I am incapable—in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand—*En vérité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart*, said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks: so notwithstanding it was dusky, yet, as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a second court'sy in setting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop to tell me again—she thank'd me.

It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world—but I see innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befall the man who ever lays a snare in its way!

The girl seem'd affected some way or other with what I said—she gave a low sigh—I found I was not impowered to inquire at all after it—so said nothing till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

—But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the hôtel de

Modene? she told me it was—or, that I might go by the Rue de Guenegault, which was the next turn.—Then I'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Guenegault, said I, for two reasons; first, I shall please myself; and next, I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was sensible I was civil,—and said, she wish'd the hôtel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre.—You live there? said I.—She told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madame R****.—Good God! said I, 'tis the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens.—The girl told me that Madame R****, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him—so I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R****, and say, I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this pass'd.—We then stopp'd a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egarements de Cœur*, &c. more commodiously than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes; so I held the second for her, whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put in the other after it.

'Tis sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

We set off afresh, and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm—I was just bidding her—but she did it of herself with that undeliberating simplicity, which shew'd it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help

turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness——Tut! said I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Gueneguault, I stopp'd to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness——She bid me adieu twice—I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happen'd any where else, I'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men—I did, what amounted to the same thing——

——I bid God bless her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hôtel, La Fleur told me I had been enquired after by the Lieutenant de Police.——The duce take it! said I——I know the reason. It is time the reader should know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head; but that, had I told it then, it might have been forgot now——and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with so much precipitation, that it never enter'd my mind that we were at war with France;

and had reach'd Dover, and look'd through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out; and as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it: so hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begg'd he would take me in his *suite*. The Count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty—only said, his inclination to serve me could reach no further than Calais, as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris: however, when I had once pass'd there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I must make friends, and shift for myself.—Let me get to Paris, Monsieur le Count, said I—and I shall do very well. So I embark'd, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been enquiring after me—the thing instantly recurred—and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the master of the hôtel came into my room to tell me the same thing, with this addition to it, that my passport had been particularly ask'd after: the master of the hôtel concluded with saying, He hoped I had one——Not I, faith! said I.

The master of the hôtel retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this—and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towards me, and with that sort of movement which a good soul makes to succour a distressed one—the fellow won my heart by it; and from that single *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and

could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

Mon seigneur! cried the master of the hôtel—but recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it—If, Monsieur, said he, has not a passport (*apparemment*) in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one.—Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference.—Then *certes*, replied he, you'll be sent to the Bastile or the Chatelet, *au moins*. Poo! said I, the king of France is a good-natured soul—he'll hurt no body.—*Cela n'empêche pas*, said he—you will certainly be sent to the Bastile to-morrow morning.—But I've taken your lodgings for a month, answered I, and I'll not quit them a day before the time for all the kings of France in the world. La Fleur whisper'd in my ear, That nobody could oppose the king of France.

Pardi! said my host, *ces Messieurs Anglois sont des gens très extraordinaires*—and having both said and sworn it,—he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

THE HÔTEL AT PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so cavalierly: and to shew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the subject entirely; and whilst he waited upon me at

supper, talk'd to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris, and of the opera comique.——La Fleur had been there himself, and had followed me through the streets as far as the bookseller's shop; but seeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walk'd down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deem'd it unnecessary to follow me a step further—so making his own reflections upon it, he took a shorter cut—and got to the hôtel in time to be inform'd of the affair of the Police against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation.——

—And here I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which pass'd betwixt us the moment I was going to set out——I must tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be overburthen'd with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head, and said it would not do; so pull'd out his purse in order to empty it into mine.——I've enough in conscience, Eugenius, said I.——Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius—I know France and Italy better than you.——But you don't consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapp'd up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the king

of France's expence.—I beg pardon, said Eugenius, drily; really I had forgot that resource.

Now the event I treated gaily came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philosophy, or pertinacity—or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Bastile! the terror is in the word——Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower—and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of——Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year—but with nine livres a day, and pen and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within—at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walk'd down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning——Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them——'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised

—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fossé—unbarri-
cade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and sup-
pose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man
which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear
the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with
a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained
“it could not get out.”——I looked up and down the
passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went
out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the
same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it
was a starling hung in a little cage.—“I can't get out—I
can't get out,” said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who
came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side
towards which they approach'd it, with the same lamen-
tation of its captivity——“I can't get out,” said the
starling——God help thee! said I, but I'll let thee out,
cost what it will; so I turn'd about the cage to get to the
door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire,
there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to
pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his
deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis,
press'd his breast against it, as if impatient——I fear,
poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty——
“No,” said the starling——“I can't get out—I can't get
out,” said the starling.

I vow, I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly call'd home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walk'd up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet gracious goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever wilt be so, till NATURE herself shall change—no *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled——Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room ; I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I begun to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me——

——I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then look'd through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferr'd. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish : in thirty years the western breeze had not once fann'd his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children——

——But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternate-

ly his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notch'd all over with the dismal days and nights he had pass'd there;—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turn'd his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle——He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn—I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hôtel by nine in the morning.

——I'll go directly, said I, myself to Monsieur Le Duc de Choiseul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he should see any thing upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a heart ache—I told him I would go to bed by myself—and bid him go do the same.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my *remise* the hour I proposed: La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing

which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this self-same bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

Whilst the honourable Mr. **** was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs, before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom; who not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet—and by course of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling, and as he had little to do better the five months his master stay'd there, he taught it in his mother's tongue the four simple words—(and no more)—to which I own'd myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy—the lad had given it to the master of the hôtel—But his little song for liberty, being in an *unknown* language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him—so La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes—and telling the story of him to Lord A——Lord A begg'd the bird of me—in a week Lord A gave him to Lord B——Lord B made a present of him to Lord C—and Lord C's gentleman sold him to Lord D's for a shilling—Lord D gave him to Lord E—and so on—half round the alphabet—From that rank he pass'd into the lower house, and pass'd the hands of as many commoners——

But as all these wanted to *get in*—and my bird wanted to *get out*—he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have never seen him—I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird—or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing further to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms.—Thus:



—And let the heralds officers twist his neck about, if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to ask protection of any man; for which reason I generally endeavour to protect myself: but this going to Monsieur Le Duc de C***** was an act of compulsion—had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form! I deserved the Bastille for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myself into Monsieur Le Duc de C*****'s good graces——This will do, said I——Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous tailor, without taking his measure——Fool! continued I—see Monsieur Le Duc's face first—observe what character is written in it—take notice in what posture he stands to hear you—mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs——and for the tone—the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all these together you'll compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the Duke—the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.

Well! said I, I wish it well over——Coward again! as if

man to man was not equal throughout the whole surface of the globe: and if in the field—why not face to face in the cabinet too? And trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself, and betrays his own succours ten times where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C***** with the Bastile in thy looks—my life for it, thou wilt be sent to Paris in about half an hour, with an escort.

I believe so, said I——Then I'll go to the Duke, by heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairness in the world.——

——And there you are wrong again, replied I——A heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes—'tis ever on its center.——Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turn'd in at the gates, I find I shall do very well: and by the time he had wheel'd round the court and brought me up to the door, I found myself so much the better for my own lecture, that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the topmost—nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I enter'd the door of the saloon, I was met by a person who possibly might be the maitre d'hôtel, but had more the air of one of the under secretaries, who told me the Duc de C***** was busy.—I am utterly ignorant, said I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an absolute stranger, and what is worse in the present conjuncture of affairs, being an Englishman too.——He replied, that did not increase the difficulty.——I made him a slight bow, and told him, I had something of importance

to say to Monsieur Le Duc. The secretary look'd towards the stairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to some one——But I must not mislead you, said I—for what I have to say is of no manner of importance to Monsieur Le Duc de C*****—but of great importance to myself.—*C'est une autre affaire*, replied he——Not at all, said I, to a man of gallantry.——But pray, good sir, continued I, when can a stranger hope to have *accesse*?——In not less than two hours, said he, looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the courtyard seem'd to justify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a prospect—and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon without a soul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Bastile itself, I instantly went back to my *remise*, and bid the coachman drive me to the Cordon Bleu, which was the nearest hôtel.

I think there is a fatality in it——I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half way down the street, I changed my mind: as I am at Versailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; so I pull'd the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets——I suppose the town is not very large, said I.——The coachman begg'd pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb, and that

numbers of the first dukes and marquises and counts had hôtels——The Count de B****, of whom the bookseller at the Quai de Conti had spoke so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind.——And why should I not go, thought I, to the Count de B****, who has so high an idea of English books, and English men—and tell him my story? so I changed my mind a second time——In truth it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame de R**** in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly sent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her—but I am govern'd by circumstances—I cannot govern them: so seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and inquire for the Count's hôtel.

La Fleur return'd a little pale; and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis selling *patés*——It is impossible, La Fleur! said I.——La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the croix set in gold, with its red ribband, he said, tied to his button-hole—and had look'd into the basket and seen the *patés* which the Chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him, as I sat in the *remise*——the more I look'd at him, his croix and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain—I got out of the *remise*, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below

his knees, and with a sort of a bib that went half way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His basket of little *patés* was cover'd over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout, that one might have bought his *patés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of a *hôtel*, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *patés* into my hand—I begg'd he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had pass'd in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtain'd a company and the croix with it; but that at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision, he found himself in a wide world without friends, without a *livre*—and indeed, said he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he said it, to his croix)—The poor chevalier won my pity, and he finish'd the scene with winning my esteem too.

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes, but his generosity could neither relieve or reward every

one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *pâtisserie*; and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way—unless Providence had offer'd him a better.

It would be wicked to with-hold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happen'd to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace, and as his croix had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done—He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reach'd at last the king's ears—who hearing the chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another out of its order, to please myself—the two stories reflect light upon each other—and 'tis a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house of d'E**** in Brittany into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still shew to the world, some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity*—But he had two boys who look'd up to him for *light*—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expensive—and simple œconomy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Brittany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wish'd to see re-blossom——But in Brittany, there being a provision for this, he avail'd himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis attended with his two boys, enter'd the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claim'd, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side——Here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword—he

staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlook'd for bequests from distant branches of his house, return'd home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The Marquis enter'd the court with his whole family: he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice——

——There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approach'd within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaim'd his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard—'twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he look'd attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place. I could not be deceived by what followed:

"I shall find, said he, some *other way* to get it off."

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walk'd out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monsieur le Count de B****. The set of Shakespears was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walk'd up close to the table, and giving first such a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were—I told him I had come without any one to present me, knowing I should meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I trusted, would do it for me—it is my countryman the great Shakespear, said I, pointing to his works—*et ayez la bonté, mon cher ami*, apostrophizing his spirit, added I, *de me faire cet bonheur là*.——

The Count smil'd at the singularity of the introduction; and seeing I look'd a little pale and sickly, insisted upon my taking an arm-chair: so I sat down; and to save him conjectures upon a visit so out of all rule, I told him simply of the incident in the bookseller's shop, and how that had impell'd me rather to go to him with the story of

a little embarrassment I was under, than to any other man in France——And what is your embarrassment? Let me hear it, said the Count. So I told him the story just as I have told it the reader——

——And the master of my hôtel, said I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monsieur le Count, that I shall be sent to the Bastile—but I have no apprehensions, continued I—for in falling into the hands of the most polish'd people in the world, and being conscious I was a true man, and not come to spy the nakedness of the land, I scarce thought I laid at their mercy.——It does not suit the gallantry of the French, Monsieur le Count, said I, to shew it against invalids.

An animated blush came into the Count de B****'s cheeks, as I spoke this——*Ne craignez rien*——Don't fear, said he——Indeed I don't, replied I again.——Besides, continued I, a little sportingly, I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and I do not think Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul is such an enemy to mirth, as to send me back crying for my pains.

——My application to you, Monsieur le Count de B**** (making him a low bow) is to desire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good-nature, or I had not said half as much——and once or twice said—*C'est bien dit*. So I rested my cause there—and determined to say no more about it.

The Count led the discourse: we talk'd of indifferent things—of books and politics, and men—and then of women——God bless them all! said I, after much dis-

course about them—there is not a man upon earth who loves them so much as I do: after all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them; being firmly persuaded that a man, who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex, is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought.

Heb bien! Monsieur l'Anglois, said the Count, gaily.—You are not come to spy the nakedness of the land—I believe you—*ni encore*, I dare say, *that* of our women——But permit me to conjecture—if, *par hazard*, they fell into your way, that the prospect would not affect you.

I have something within me which cannot bear the shock of the least indecent insinuation: in the sportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thousand things to a dozen of the sex together—the least of which I could not venture to a single one to gain heaven.

Excuse me, Monsieur le Count, said I—as for the nakedness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes over it with tears in them——and for that of your women (blushing at the idea he had excited in me) I am so evangelical in this, and have such a fellow feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on——But I could wish, continued I, to spy the *nakedness* of their hearts, and through the different disguises of customs, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them to fashion my own by—and therefore am I come.

It is for this reason, Monsieur le Count, continued I, that I have not seen the Palais royal—nor the Luxem-

bourg—nor the Façade of the Louvre—nor have attempted to swell the catalogues we have of pictures, statues, and churches—I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings and loose sketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itself.

The thirst of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the connoisseur, has led me from my own home into France—and from France will lead me through Italy—'tis a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of NATURE, and those affections which arise out of her, which make us love each other—and the world, better than we do.

The Count said a great many civil things to me upon the occasion; and added, very politely, how much he stood obliged to Shakespear for making me known to him—But, *à-propos*, said he—Shakespear is full of great things—he forgot a small punctilio of announcing your name—it puts you under a necessity of doing it yourself.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am—for there is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of than of myself; and I have often wish'd I could do it in a single word—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occasion in my life I could accomplish this to any

purpose—for Shakespear lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers scene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK, and advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name——Me, *Voici!* said I.

Now whether the idea of poor Yorick's skull was put out of the Count's mind by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of seven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account—'tis certain the French conceive better than they combine—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the less at this; inasmuch as one of the first of our own church, for whose candour and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same case.——“He could not bear, he said, to look into sermons wrote by the king of Denmark's jester.”——Good, my lord! said I; but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your lordship thinks of has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flourish'd in Horwendillus's court—the other Yorick is myself, who have flourish'd, my lord, in no court——He shook his head——Good God! said I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great with Alexander the Coppersmith, my lord——'Twas all one, he replied——

——If Alexander king of Macedon could have translated your lordship, said I, I'm sure your lordship would not have said so.

The poor Count de B * * * * fell but into the same error——

——*Et, Monsieur, est il Yorick?* cried the Count.——*Je le suis*, said I.——*Vous?*——*Moi—moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monsieur le Comte—Mon Dieu!* said he, embracing me——*Vous etes Yorick!*

The Count instantly put the Shakespear into his pocket, and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B**** had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespear into his pocket——*Mysteries which must explain themselves are not worth the loss of time which a conjecture about them takes up*: 'twas better to read Shakespear; so taking up "*Much Ado about Nothing*," I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro, and Benedick, and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the Passport.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!——long——long since had ye number'd out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground. When my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scatter'd over with rose-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd

and refresh'd——When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course——I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido, and wish to recognize it—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours—I lose the feelings for myself in her's, and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself in vain by it—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only.——I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B**** entered with my passport in his hand. Mons. Le Duc de C****, said the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare say, as he is a statesman——*Un homme qui rit*, said the duke, *ne sera jamais dangereux.*——Had it been for any one but the king's jester, added the Count, I could not have got it these two hours.——*Pardonnez moi, Mons. le Comte*, said I—I am not the king's jester.——But you are Yorick?——Yes.——*Et vous plaisantez?*——I answer'd, Indeed I did jest—but was not paid for it—'twas entirely at my own expence.

We have no jester at court, Mons. le Count, said I; the

last we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.—since which time our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is so full of patriots, who wish for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of their country—and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout—there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of——

Voila un persiflage! cried the Count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

AS the passport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, justiciaries, and all officers of justice, to let Mr. Yorick, the king's jester, and his baggage, travel quietly along—I own the triumph of obtaining the passport was not a little tarnish'd by the figure I cut in it——But there is nothing unmix'd in this world; and some of the graveſt of our divines have carried it so far as to affirm that enjoyment itself was attended even with a sigh——and that the greatest *they knew of* terminated *in a general way*, in little better than a convulsion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriskius, in his commentary upon the generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all

the time he wrote, and at last had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

——'Tis strange! writes Bevoriskius; but the facts are certain, for I have had the curiosity to mark them down one by one with my pen—but the cock-sparrow during the little time that I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his caresses three and twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriskius, is heaven to his creatures!

Ill fated Yorick! that the gravest of thy brethren should be able to write that to the world, which stains thy face with crimson, to copy in even thy study.

But this is nothing to my travels——So I twice—twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the French? said the Count de B****, after he had given me the passport.

The reader may suppose, that after so obliging a proof of courtesy, I could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the inquiry.

——*Mais passe, pour cela*——Speak frankly, said he; do you find all the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of?——I had found every thing, I said, which confirmed it——*Vraiment*, said the Count,——*les Français sont polis*——To an excess, replied I.

The Count took notice of the word *excesse*; and would have it I meant more than I said. I defended myself a long time as well as I could against it—he insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

I believe, Mons. le Count, said I, that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and that the social and other calls have occasion by turns for every key in him; so that if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony.——The Count de B**** did not understand music, so desired me to explain it some other way. A polish'd nation, my dear Count, said I, makes every one its debtor; and besides, urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill: and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him altogether, is empowered to arrive at—if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities than gets them. I must not presume to say, how far this has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of—but should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their refinements, to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse de cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions than courteous ones—we should at least lose that distinct variety and originality of character,

which distinguishes them, not only from each other, but from all the world besides.

I had a few of king William's shillings, as smooth as glass, in my pocket; and forseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded so far——

See, Mons. le Count, said I, rising up, and laying them before him upon the table—by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so much alike, you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.

The English, like antient medals, kept more apart, and passing but few peoples hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which the fine hand of nature has given them—they are not so pleasant to feel—but in return, the legend is so visible, that at the first look you see whose image and superscription they bear——But the French, Mons. le Count, added I (wishing to soften what I had said) have so many excellencies, they can the better spare this——they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good-temper'd people as is under heaven;—if they have a fault,—they are too *serious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, rising out of his chair.

Mais vous plaisantez, said he, correcting his exclamation.——I laid my hand upon my breast, and with earnest gravity assured him, it was my most settled opinion.

The Count said he was mortified, he could not stay to

hear my reasons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C*****.

But it is not too far to come to Versailles to eat your soup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleasure of knowing you retract your opinion—or, in what manner you support it.——But if you do support it, Mons. Anglois, said he, you must do it with all your powers, because you have the whole world against you.——I promised the Count I would do myself the honour of dining with him before I set out for Italy—so took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hôtel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment inquiring for me.——I do not know, said the porter, whether she is gone or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs; and when I had got within ten steps of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R**** had sent her upon some commissions to *merchande de modes* within a step or two of the hôtel de Modene; and as I had fail'd in waiting upon her, had bid her enquire if I had left Paris; and if so, whether I had not left a letter address'd to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door, she returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening, in the latter end of the month of May—the crimson window-curtains (which were of the same colour of those of the bed) were drawn close—the sun was setting, and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*'s face—I thought she blush'd—the idea of it made me blush myself—we were quite alone; and that super-induced a second blush before the first could get off.

There is a sort of a pleasing half-guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man—'tis sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it—not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves—'tis associated.——

But I'll not describe it.——I felt something at first within me which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before——I sought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one.——I took up a pen,—I laid it down again—my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one, he is an adversary, whom if we resist, he will fly from us—but I seldom resist him at all; from a terror, that though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat—so I give up the triumph for security; and instead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the bureau

where I was looking for a card—took up first the pen I cast down, then offered to hold me the ink: she offer'd it so sweetly, I was going to accept it—but I durst not—I have nothing, my dear, said I, to write upon.—Write it, said she, simply, upon any thing.—

I was just going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips.—

If I do, said I, I shall perish—so I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begg'd she would not forget the lesson I had given her.—She said, indeed she would not—and as she utter'd it with some earnestness, she turn'd about and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine—it was impossible not to compress them in that situation—I wish'd to let them go: and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it—and still I held them on.—In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again—and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were standing—I had still hold of her hands—and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither ask'd her—nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I'll just shew you, said the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purse I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it for some time—then into the left—"She had lost it."—I never bore expectation

more quietly—it was in her right pocket at last—she pull'd it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted sattin, and just big enough to hold the crown—she put it into my hand—it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand resting upon her lap—looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock—the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little hussive, threaded a small needle, and sew'd it up—I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as she pass'd her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreath'd about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off—See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot—I could not for my soul but fasten the buckle in return, and putting in the strap—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right—in doing it too suddenly—it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her center—and then——

THE CONQUEST.

YES—and then——Ye whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down or mask your passions, tell me, what trespass is it that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits but for his conduct under them?

If Nature has so wove her web of kindness, that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece—must the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—Whip me such stoics, great Governor of nature! said I to myself—Wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue—whatever is my danger—whatever is my situation—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issues to thy justice; for thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.

As I finish'd my address, I raised the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room—she stood by me till I lock'd the door and put the key in my pocket—and then—the victory being quite decisive—and not till then, I press'd my lips to her cheek, and, taking her by the hand again, led her safe to the gate of the hôtel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

IF a man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close of a piece of musick, which had call'd forth my affections—therefore, when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remain'd at the gate of the hôtel for some time, looking at every one who pass'd by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fix'd upon a single object which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall figure, of a philosophic, serious, adust look, which pass'd and repass'd sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hôtel—the man was about fifty-two—had a small cane under his arm—was dress'd in a dark drab-colour'd coat, waistcoat and breeches, which seem'd to have seen some years service—they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn—He pass'd by me without asking any thing—and yet did not go five steps further before he ask'd charity of a little woman—I was much more likely to have given of the two—He had scarce done with the woman, when he pull'd his hat off to another who was coming the same way.—An ancient gentleman came slowly—and after him, a young smart one—He let them both pass, and ask'd nothing; I stood observing him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose—the first was, why the man should *only* tell his story to the sex—and secondly—what kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which softened the hearts of the women, which he knew 'twas to no purpose to practise upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery—the one was, he told every woman what

he had to say in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition—the other was, it was always successful—he never stopp'd a woman, but she pull'd out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to explain the phænomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuse me for the rest of the evening, so I walk'd up stairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the master of the hôtel, who came into my room to tell me I must provide lodgings elsewhere.—How so, friend? said I.—He answer'd, I had had a young woman lock'd up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and 'twas against the rules of his house.—Very well, said I, we'll all part friends then—for the girl is no worse—and I am no worse—and you will be just as I found you.—It was enough, he said, to overthrow the credit of his hôtel.—*Voyez vous, Monsieur*, said he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been sitting upon.—I own it had something of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not suffering me to enter into any detail of the case, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I resolved to let mine do that night, and that I would discharge what I owed him at breakfast.

I should not have minded, *Monsieur*, said he, if you had had twenty girls——'Tis a score more, replied, I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon——Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning——And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris make a difference in the sin?——It made a difference, he said, in the scandal.——I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man.——I own it is necessary, reassumed the master of the hôtel, that a stranger at Paris should have the opportunities presented to him of buying lace and silk stockings and ruffles, *et tout cela*——and 'tis nothing if a woman comes with a band-box.——O' my conscience, said I, she had one; but I never look'd into it.——Then, *Monsieur*, said he, has bought nothing.——Not one earthly thing, replied I.——Because, said he, I could recommend one to you who would use you *en conscience*——But I must see her this night, said I.——He made me a low bow, and walk'd down.

Now shall I triumph over this *maitre d'hôtel*, cried I——and what then?——Then I shall let him see I know he is a dirty fellow.——And what then?——What then!——I was too near myself to say it was for the sake of others.——I had no good answer left——there was more of spleen than principle in my project, and I was sick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the Grisset came in with her box of lace——I'll buy nothing however, said I, within myself.

The Grisset would shew me every thing——I was hard to please: she would not seem to see it; she open'd her

little magazine, laid all her laces one after another before me—unfolded and folded them up again one by one with the most patient sweetness—I might buy—or not—she would let me have every thing at my own price—the poor creature seem'd anxious to get a penny; and laid herself out to win me, and not so much in a manner which seem'd artful, as in one I felt simple and caressing.

If there is not a fund of honest cullibility in man, so much the worse—my heart relented, and I gave up my second resolution as quietly as the first—Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? if thou art tributary to this tyrant of an host, thought I, looking up in her face, so much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four Louis d'ors in my purse, there was no such thing as rising up and shewing her the door, till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

——The master of the hôtel will share the profit with her—no matter—then I have only paid as many a poor soul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hôtel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart if he can help it——So I bid La Fleur tell the master of the hôtel, that I was sorry on my side for the occasion I had given him—and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.

This was a sacrifice not to him, but myself, having resolved, after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks, but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I enter'd in.

C'est déroger à noblesse, Monsieur, said La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he said it——*Et encore, Monsieur*, said he, may change his sentiments—and if (*par hazard*) he should like to amuse himself——I find no amusement in it, said I, interrupting him——

Mon Dieu! said La Fleur—and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious—something hung upon his lips to say to me or ask me, which he could not get off: I could not conceive what it was; and indeed gave myself little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle so much more interesting upon my mind, which was that of the man's asking charity before the door of the hôtel——I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that, not out of curiosity—'tis so low a principle of inquiry, in general, I would not purchase the gratification of it with a two sous piece—but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so certainly soften'd the heart of every woman you came near, was a secret at least

equal to the philosopher's stone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been master of it.

I toss'd and turn'd it almost all night long in my brains to no manner of purpose: and when I awoke in the morning, I found my spirit as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his; and I will not hesitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris, as much as those of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee, and roll, and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montreal to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same——They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing——I wish'd him hang'd for telling me——They look'd so fresh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de Friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased moreover a handsome blue sattin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but 'twas clean scour'd—the gold had been touch'd up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise—and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeez'd out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a solitaire; and had insisted with the *fripier* upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees——He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money—and a pair of white silk stockings for five more—and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He enter'd the room thus set off, with his hair drest in the first style, and with a handsome bouquet in his breast—in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and by combining both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wish'd to ask of me the night before, was to spend the day, as every body in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begg'd I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de sa maitresse*.

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-à-vis* Madame de R****—I had retained the *re-mise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified

my vanity to have had a servant so well dress'd as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it; I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters—no doubt, they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

*Behold!——Behold, I am thy servant——*disarms me at once of the powers of a master——

——Thou shalt go, La Fleur! said I.

——And what mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have pick'd up in so little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said 'twas a *petite demoiselle* at Monsieur le Count de B****'s.——La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that some how or other; but how—heaven knows—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his——The family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's household, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a-week at least are sure to lay down all your cares together; and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA Fleur had left me something to amuse myself with for the day more than I had bargain'd for, or could have enter'd either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, and he had begg'd a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand—As that was plate sufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was, and as I resolved to stay within all day, I order'd him to call upon the *traiteur* to bespeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfast by myself.

When I had finish'd the butter, I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper—but stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third—I thought it better worth; so I shut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it.

It was the old French of Rabelais's time, and for ought I know might have been wrote by him—it was moreover in a Gothic letter, and that so faded and gone

off by damps and length of time, it cost me infinite trouble to make any thing of it—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afresh—and then to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza.—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of understanding it increased but the desire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again—and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almost as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonsensical inscription, I thought I made sense of it; but to make sure of it, the best way, I imagined, was to turn it into English, and see how it would look then—so I went on leisurely, as a trifling man does, sometimes writing a sentence—then taking a turn or two—and then looking how the world went, out of the window; so that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it—I then begun and read it as follows:

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

————Now as the notary's wife disputed the point with the notary with too much heat—I wish, said the notary (throwing down the parchment) that there was another notary here only to set down and attest all this
 ———

—And what would you do then, Monsieur? said she,
 k

rising hastily up—the notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply—I would go, answer'd he, to bed. —You may go to the devil, answer'd the notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the notary not caring to lie in the same bed with a woman who had but that moment sent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat, and cane, and short cloak, the night being very windy, and walk'd out ill at ease towards the *Pont Neuf*.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have pass'd over the *Pont Neuf* must own, that it is the noblest—the finest—the grandest—the lightest—the longest—the broadest that ever conjoin'd land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe———

By this, it seems, as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worst fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbonne can alledge against it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, 'tis more blasphemously *sacre Dieu*'d there than in any other aperture of the whole city—and with reason, good and cogent, Messieurs; for it comes against you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with such unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who cross it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor notary, just as he was passing by the sentry, instinctively clapp'd his cane to the side of it; but in raising it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the centinel's hat, hoisted it over the spikes of the balustrade clear into the Seine——

'Tis an ill wind, said a boatsman, who catch'd it, *which blows no body any good*.

The sentry, being a Gascon, incontinently twirl'd up his whiskers, and levell'd his harquebuss.

Harquebusses in those days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, she had borrow'd the sentry's match to light it—it gave a moment's time for the Gascon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage——*'Tis an ill wind*, said he, catching off the notary's castor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor notary cross'd the bridge, and passing along the rue de Dauphine into the fauxbourgs of St. Germain, lamented himself as he walk'd along in this manner:

Luckless man that I am! said the notary, to be the sport of hurricanes all my days—to be born to have the storm of ill language levelled against me and my profession wherever I go—to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempest of a woman—to be driven forth out of my house by domestic winds, and despoiled of my castor by pontific ones—to be here, bare-headed, in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs

and flows of accidents—where am I to lay my head?—miserable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points of the whole compass can blow unto thee, as it does to the rest of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the notary was passing on by a dark passage, complaining in this sort, a voice call'd out to a girl, to bid her run for the next notary—now the notary being the next, and availing himself of his situation, walk'd up the passage to the door, and passing through an old sort of a saloon, was usher'd into a large chamber, dismantled of every thing but a long military pike—a breast-plate—a rusty old sword, and bandoleer, hung up equidistant in four different places against the wall.

An old personage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and, unless decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay supporting his head upon his hand, in his bed; a little table, with a taper burning, was set close beside it; and close by the table was placed a chair—the notary sat him down in it; and pulling out his ink-horn and a sheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breast over the table, he disposed every thing to make the gentleman's last will and testament.

Alas! *Monsieur le Notaire*, said the gentleman, raising himself up a little, I have nothing to bequeath, which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the history of myself, which I could not die in peace unless I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising out of it, I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me—it is

a story so uncommon, it must be read by all mankind—it will make the fortunes of your house—the notary dipp'd his pen into his ink horn——Almighty director of every event in my life! said the old gentleman, looking up earnestly, and raising his hands towards heaven—thou, whose hand has led me on through such a labyrinth of strange passages down into this scene of desolation, assist the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man—direct my tongue, by the spirit of thy eternal truth, that this stranger may set down naught but what is written in that Book, from whose records, said he, clasping his hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted!—the notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye——

—It is a story, Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, which will rouse up every affection in nature—it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herself with pity——

—The notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his inkhorn—and the old gentleman turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his story in these words——

—And where is the rest of it, La Fleur? said I, as he just then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT
AND THE BOUQUET¹.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up close to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other sheets of it, which he had wrapt round the stalks of a *bouquet* to keep it together, which he had presented to the *démoiselle* upon the *boulevards*——Then, prithee, La Fleur, said I, step back to her to the Count de B****'s hotel and *see if you can get it*——There is no doubt of it, said La Fleur——and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of disappointment in his looks than could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment——*Juste ciel!* in less than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewell of her——his faithless mistress had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen——the footman to a young sempstress——and the sempstress to a fidler, with my fragment at the end of it——Our misfortunes were involved together——I gave a sigh——and La Fleur echo'd it back again to my ear——

——How perfidious! cried La Fleur——How unlucky! said I.—

——I should not have been mortified, Monsieur, quoth La Fleur, if she had lost it——Nor I, La Fleur, said I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no, will be seen hereafter.

¹ Nosegay.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good sentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noon-day, in large and open streets.——Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobserved corner you sometimes see a single short scene of her's worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together—and yet they are *absolutely* fine;——and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generally make my sermon out of 'em—and for the text—"Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia"—is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out from the opera comique into a narrow street; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre*¹, or wish to get off quietly o'foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half-way down, but near the door—'tis more for ornament than use: you see it as a fixed star of the least magnitude; it burns—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discern'd, as I approach'd within five or six paces of the door, two ladies

¹ Hackney Coach.

standing arm in arm, with their backs against the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*——as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand——I was in black, and scarce seen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-six; the other of the same size and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them—they seem'd to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations: I could have wish'd to have made them happy—their happiness was destin'd, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begg'd for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it singular, that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms—and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seem'd astonish'd at it as much as myself.——Twelve sous! said one——A twelve-sous piece! said the other—and made no reply.

The poor man said, He knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bow'd down his head to the ground.

Poo! said they—we have no money.

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renew'd his supplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me——Upon my word, honest man! said the younger, we have no change——Then God bless you, said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change!——I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket——I'll see, said she, if I have a sous.——A sous! give twelve, said the suppliant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! said he, addressing himself to the elder——What is it but your goodness and humanity which makes your bright eyes so sweet, that they out-shine the morning even in this dark passage? and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother say so much of you both as they just pass'd by?

The two ladies seemed much affected; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor suppliant was no more—it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity—and to end the dispute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I Stepp'd hastily after him: it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the women before the door of the hôtel had so puzzled me—and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it—'twas flattery.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not straiten'd for time, had given it here in a larger dose: 'tis certain he had a way of bringing it into less form, for the many sudden cases he had to do with in the streets; but how he contrived to correct, sweeten, concentrate, and qualify it—I vex not my spirit with the inquiry—it is enough, the beggar gain'd two twelve-sous pieces—and they can best tell the rest, who have gain'd much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world, not so much by doing services, as receiving them: you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it, because you have planted it.

Mons. le Count de B****, merely because he had done me one kindness in the affair of my passport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to present me to others, and so on.

I had got master of my *secret* just in time to turn these honours to some little account; otherwise, as is commonly the case, I should have din'd or supp'd a single time or two round, and then by *translating* French looks and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen that I had got hold of the *couvert*¹ of some more entertaining guest; and in course should have resigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiss.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B****: in days of yore he had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'amour*, and had dress'd himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since—the Marquis de B**** wish'd to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain. "He could like to take a trip to England," and ask'd much of the English ladies. Stay where you are, I beseech you, Mons. le Marquis, said I——Les Messrs. Angloise can scarce get a kind look from them as it is.—The Marquis invited me to supper.

Mons. P**** the farmer-general was just as inquisitive about our taxes.—They were very considerable, he heard——If we knew but how to collect them, said I, making him a low bow.

¹ Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and spoon.

I could never have been invited to Mons. P****'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misrepresented to Madame de Q**** as an *esprit*——Madame de Q**** was an *esprit* herself; she burnt with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat, before I saw she did not care a sous whether I had any wit or no——I was let in, to be convinced she had.——I call heaven to witness I never once open'd the door of my lips.

Madame de Q**** vow'd to every creature she met, "She had never had a more improving conversation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French woman——She is coquette——then deist——then *devôte*: the empire during these is never lost——she only changes her subjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the slaves of love, she re-peoples it with slaves of infidelity——and then with the slaves of the Church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochas: the colour of the rose was shading fast away——she ought to have been a deist five years before the time I had the honour to pay my first visit.

She placed me upon the same sopha with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely——In short, Madame de V*** told me she believed nothing.

I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle; but

I was sure it could not be her interest to level the out-works, without which I could not conceive how such a citadel as her's could be defended—that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world, than for a beauty to be a deist—that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her—that I had not been five minutes sat upon the sopha besides her, but I had begun to form designs—and what is it, but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had existed in her breast, which could have check'd them as they rose up?

We are not adamant, said I, taking hold of her hand—and there is need of all restraints, till age in her own time steals in and lays them on us—but, my dear lady, said I, kissing her hand—'tis too,—too soon——

I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unpervverting Madame de V***.——She affirmed to Mons. D*** and Abbe M***, that in one half hour I had said more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopedia had said against it——I was listed directly into Madame de V***'s *Coterie*—and she put off the epocha of deism for two years.

I remember it was in this *Coterie*, in the middle of a discourse, in which I was shewing the necessity of a *first cause*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the furthest corner of the room, to tell me my *solitaire* was pinn'd too strait about my neck——It should be *plus badinant*, said the Count, looking down upon his own—but a word, Mons. Yorick, to the *wise*——

—And *from the wise*, Mons. le Count, replied I, making him a bow—*is enough*.

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met.—*Pardi! ce Mons. Yorick a autant d'esprit que nous autres*—*Il raisonne bien*, said another.—*C'est un bon enfant*, said a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drank and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but 'twas a dishonest *reckoning*—I grew ashamed of it.—It was the gain of a slave—every sentiment of honour revolted against it—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly system*—the better the *Coterie*—the mere children of Art—I languish'd for those of Nature; and one night after a most vile prostitution of myself to half a dozen different people, I grew sick—went to bed—order'd La Fleur to get me horses in the morning to set out for Italy.

M A R I A .

M O U L I N E S .

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey through each step of which music beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes—and alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into—and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria my friend, Mr. Shandy, met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disorder'd maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door, her looks told me the story before she open'd her mouth——She had lost her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of Maria's senses about a month before.——She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plunder'd her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road——

——Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seem'd only to be tun'd to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckon'd to the postilion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dress'd in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I look'd at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string.—“Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio,” said she. I look'd in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she utter'd them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief—I then steep'd it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wip'd her's again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul ; nor can all the books with which materialists have pester'd the world ever convince me of the contrary.

M A R I A .

WHEN Maria had come a little to herself, I ask'd her if she remember'd a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remember'd it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her ; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had wash'd it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it ; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril ;—on opening it, I saw an S. mark'd in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, stray'd as far as Rome, and walk'd round St. Peter's once—and return'd back—that she found her way alone across the Apennines—had travell'd over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed ! and to the quick, said I ; and wast thou

in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings, I would seek after thee and bring thee back—when the sun went down, I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I utter'd this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steep'd too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I'll dry it in my bosom, said she—'twill do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touch'd upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she look'd with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and play'd her service to the Virgin—The string I had touch'd ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said, to Moulines.—Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we enter'd Moulines.

M A R I A .

M O U L I N E S .

TH O' I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopp'd to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touch'd her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lay in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

T H E B O U R B O N N O I S .

TH E R E was nothing from which I had painted out for myself so joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but pressing through this gate of sorrow to it, my sufferings have totally unfitted me: in every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the back-ground of the piece, sitting pensive un-

der her poplar; and I had got almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her——

——Dear SENSIBILITY! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw—and 'tis thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN—eternal fountain of our feelings!—'tis here I trace thee——and this is thy "*divinity that stirs within me*"——not that, in some sad and sickening moments, "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction*"——mere pomp of words!——but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself—all comes from thee, great—great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.——Touch'd with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou giv'st a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock——This moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!——Oh! had I come one moment sooner!——it bleeds to death——his gentle heart bleeds with it——

Peace to thee, generous swain!——I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about thee!

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of mount Taurira, the postilion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fasten'd on again, as well as we could; but the postilion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot; I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left-hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postilion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.—It was a little farm-house surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walk'd directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of 'em.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was sat down the moment I enter'd the room: so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mix'd with thanks that I had not seem'd to doubt it.

Was it this; or tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet—and to what magick I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace that follow'd it was much more so.

THE GRACE.

WHEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their sabots; and

in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin——The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sopha of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the viole—and, at the age he was then of, touch'd it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now-and-then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when from some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity.——In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have look'd upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a chearful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay——

——Or a learned prelate either, said I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

WHEN you have gained the top of mount Taurira, you run presently down to Lyons—adieu then to all rapid movements! 'Tis a journey of caution; and it fares better with sentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; so I contracted with a voiturin to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaise safe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honest people! fear not; your poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created—with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe or to the sickle—but to that little thou grantest safety and protection; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so shelter'd.

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads—your rocks—your precipices—the difficulties of getting up—the horrors of getting down—mountains impracticable—and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits, and block his road up.—The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my voiturin got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing before a passage could any how be gain'd: there was nothing but to wait with patience—'twas a wet and tempestuous night; so that by the delay, and that to-

gether, the Voiturin found himself obliged to take up five miles short of his stage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the road side.

I forthwith took possession of my bedchamber—got a good fire—order'd supper; and was thanking heaven it was no worse—when a voiture arrived with a lady in it and her servant-maid.

As there was no other bedchamber in the house, the hostess, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them as she usher'd them in, that there was nobody in it but an English gentleman—that there were two good beds in it, and a closet within the room which held another—the accent in which she spoke of this third bed did not say much for it—however, she said, there were three beds, and but three people—and she durst say, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters.——I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it—so instantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my bedchamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it—so I desired the lady to sit down—pressed her into the warmest seat—call'd for more wood—desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with the very best wine.

The lady had scarce warmed herself five minutes at the fire, before she began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she cast her eyes that

way, the more they return'd perplex'd—I felt for her—and for myself: for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

That the beds we were to lay in were in one and the same room, was enough simply by itself to have excited all this—but the position of them, for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other, as only to allow space for a small wicker chair betwixt them, render'd the affair still more oppressive to us—they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one side, and a large beam which cross'd the room on the other, form'd a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our sensations—if any thing could have added to it, it was, that the two beds were both of 'em so very small, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feasible, my lying besides them, though a thing not to be wish'd, yet there was nothing in it so terrible which the imagination might not have pass'd over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offer'd little or no consolation to us; 'twas a damp cold closet, with a half-dismantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glass or oil-paper in it to keep out the tempest of the night. I did not endeavour to stifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; so it reduc'd the case in course to this alternative—that the lady should sacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the closet herself, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid—or that the girl should take the closet, &c. &c.

The lady was a Piedmontese of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks.—The maid was a Lyonoise of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved.—There were difficulties every way—and the obstacle of the stone in the road, which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our ways now—I have only to add, that it did not lessen the weight which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnish'd, our tongues had been tied up, till necessity herself had set them at liberty—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, sent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them; so that by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk, at least without reserve upon our situation. We turn'd it every way, and debated and considered it in all kind of lights in the course of a two hours negotiation; at the end of which the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace—and I believe with as much religion and good faith on both sides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to posterity.

They were as follow:

First. As the right of the bedchamber is in Monsieur—and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the

warmest, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame; with a proviso, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transparent cotton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw close, that the *filie de chambre* shall fasten up the opening, either by corking pins, or needle and thread, in such manner as shall be deem'd a sufficient barrier on the side of Monsieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of Madame, that Monsieur shall lay the whole night through in his *robe de chambre*.

Rejected: inasmuch as Monsieur is not worth a *robe de chambre*; he having nothing in his portmanteau but six shirts, and a black silk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre*; and so it was stipulated and agreed upon, that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

3dly. It was insisted upon, and stipulated for by the lady, that after Monsieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguished, that Monsieur should not speak one single word the whole night.

Granted; provided Monsieur's saying his prayers might not be deem'd an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed—there was but one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise; protesting as I do it, that if it is not the most delicate in nature, 'tis the fault of his own imagination—against which this is not my first complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation, or what it was, I know not; but so it was, I could not shut my eyes. I tried this side and that, and turn'd and turn'd again, till a full hour after midnight; when nature and patience both wearing out—O my God! said I——

——You have broke the treaty, Monsieur said the lady, who had no more slept than myself.——I begg'd a thousand pardons—but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation—she maintain'd 'twas an entire infraction of the treaty——I maintain'd it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up her point, though she weakened her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

Upon my word and honour, Madame, said I—stretching my arm out of bed by way of asseveration—

——(I was going to have added, that I would not have

trespass'd against the remotest idea of decorum for the world)——

——But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hostilities would ensue in course, had crept silently out of her closet, and it being totally dark, had stolen so close to our beds, that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line betwixt her mistress and me——

So that when I stretched out my hand, I caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*——

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME

A POLITICAL ROMANCE

ADDRESSED

To ——— Esq ;

OF

YORK.

THE *present text* of A POLITICAL ROMANCE,
usually reprinted under the title of THE HISTORY OF
A GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT, *etc.*, is based upon
a careful comparison of two editions published in
1769—the one published in a five volume edition of
Sterne's Works, *without any printer's name*, and the
other printed, and sold by J. MURDOCH, book-
seller, opposite the New Exchange Coffe-house [*sic*]
in the Strand.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little piece was written by Mr. STERNE in the year 1759, but for private reasons was then suppressed. The recovery of this satirical performance from oblivion, as worthy of so masterly a pen, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient excuse with all lovers of literary merit, for thus bringing it to public view. The following account of it is taken from some anecdotes of his life lately published.

“FOR some time, Mr. STERNE lived in a retired manner, upon a small curacy in Yorkshire, and probably would have remained in the same obscurity, if his lively genius had not displayed itself upon an occasion which secured him a friend, and paved the way for his promotion. A person who filled a lucrative benefice, was not satisfied with enjoying it during his own life-time, but exerted all his interest to have it entailed upon his wife and son after his decease; the gentleman that expected the reversion of this post was Mr. STERNE’s friend, who had not, however, sufficient influence to prevent the success of his adversary. At this time STERNE’s satirical pen operated so strongly, that the intended monopolizer informed him, if he would suppress the publication of his sarcasm, he would resign his pretensions to the next candidate.”

The title of this piece, it appears, was to have been, “The History of a Good Warm Watch-coat, with which the present possessor is not content to cover his own shoulders, unless he can cut out of it a petticoat for his wife, and a pair of breeches for his son.” The pamphlet was suppress, and the reversion took place.

Late Parson,	Abp. HERRING
Parson of the Parish,	Abp. HUTTON
John the Clerk,	Dean of York. FOUNTAIN
Trim,	Dr. TOPHAM
Mark Slender,	Dr. BRAITHWAITE
Lorry Slim,	LAWRENCE STERNE
William Doe,	Mr. BIRDMORE

Village, York.

Author, Mr. LAWRENCE STERNE.

A POLITICAL ROMANCE

SIR,

IN my last, for want of something better to write about, I told you what a world of fending and proving we have had of late, in this little village of ours, about an old cast pair of black plush-breeches, which *John* our parish-clerk, about ten years ago, it seems, had made a promise of to one *Trim*, who is our sexton and dog-whipper.—To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occasions to know a good deal of the shifty behaviour of the said master *Trim*—and that you are astonished, nor can you for your soul conceive, how so worthless a fellow, and so worthless a thing into the bargain, could become the occasion of so much racket as I have represented.——

Now, though you do not say expressly you could wish to hear any more about it, yet I see plainly enough I have raised your curiosity; and therefore, from the same motive that I slightly mentioned it at all in my last letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumstantial account of the whole affair.

But, before I begin, I must first set you right in one very material point, in which I have misled you, as to the true cause of all this uproar amongst us—which does not

take its rise, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches; but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its rise from it—To understand which you must know, that the first beginning of the squabble was not betwixt *John* the parish clerk and *Trim* the sexton, but betwixt the parson of the parish and the said master *Trim*, about an old *watch-coat* that had hung up many years in the church, which *Trim* had set his heart upon; and nothing would serve *Trim* but he must take it home in order to have it converted into a *warm under-petticoat* for his wife, and a *jerkin* for himself against winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he most humbly begged his reverence would consent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have so often felt it, that a principle of strong compassion transports a generous mind sometimes beyond what is strictly right;—the parson was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime—for no sooner did the distinct words—*petticoat—poor wife—warm—winter*, strike upon his ear—but his heart warmed—and before *Trim* had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and soul.—But, *Trim*, says he, as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never seen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for such a purpose, or, if it is, in truth know not whether 'tis mine to bestow upon you or not—you must have a week or ten days patience, till I can make some inquiries about it—and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an underpetticoat out of it,

and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you represent it.

It is necessary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve *Trim* in this affair, not only from the motive of generosity, which I have justly ascribed to him, but likewise from another motive, and that was by making some sort of recompence for a multitude of small services which *Trim* had occasionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own man was out of the way.—For all these reasons together, I say, the parson of the parish intended to serve *Trim* in this matter to the utmost of his power. All that was wanting, was previously to inquire if any one had a *claim* to it, or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raise a clamour in the parish. These inquiries were the things that *Trim* dreaded in his heart—he knew very well, that, if the parson should but say one word to the churchwardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and some other reasons not necessary to be told you at present, *Trim* was for allowing no time in this matter—but, on the contrary, doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-house—plagued the whole family to death—pressed his suit morning, noon, and night, and, to shorten my story, teased the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill state of health, almost out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the side of master *Trim*, produced its natural effect on the side of the parson, and that was a suspicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening sitting alone in his study, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's serious deliberation upon the affair, and running over *Trim's* behaviour throughout—he was just saying to himself—*it must be so*—when a sudden rap at the door put an end to his soliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himself past his fifty-second year, had been returned by the constables in the militia-list—and he had come with a groat in his hand to search the parish-register for his age. The parson bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen—then shutting the study door, and taking down the parish-register—who *knows*, says he, *but I may find something here about this self-same watch-coat?* He had scarce unclasped the book, in saying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the first page, pasted to the inside of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in question, in these express words—*Memorandum.* “The great watch-coat was purchased and given, above two hundred years ago, by the lord of the manor to this parish-church, to the sole use and behoof of the poor sextons thereof, and their successors for ever, to be worn by them respectively in winterly cold nights in ringing *complines, passing-bells, &c.* which the said lord of the manor had done in piety to keep the poor wretches warm, and for the good of his own soul, for which they were directed to pray, *&c.*” *Just heaven!* said the parson to himself, looking upwards, *what an escape have I had! give this for an underpetticoat to Trim's wife! I would not have consented to such a desecration to be Primate of all England—nay, I would not have disturbed a single button of it for all my ribs.*

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops *Trim* with the whole subject of the exclamation under both his arms—I say under both his arms—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be made up, and had just stepped in, in high spirits, to show the parson how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good similies subsisting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a strong conception of the astonishment and honest indignation which this unexpected stroke of *Trim*'s impudence impressed upon the parson's looks—let it suffice to say, that it exceeded all fair description—as well as all power of proper resentment——except this, that *Trim* was ordered, in a stern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table—to go about his business, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven precisely.—Against this hour, like a wise man, the parson had sent to desire *John* the parish-clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a year in the township, was a leading man in it; and, upon the whole, was such a one, of whom it might be said, that he rather did honour to his office than that his office did honour to him—him he sends for with the churchwardens, and one of the sidesmen, a grave, knowing, old man, to be present—for, as *Trim* had withheld the whole truth from the parson, touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the same thing to others. Tho' this, I said, wawise, the trouble of the precaution might have been spars

ed—because the parson's character was unblemished—and he had ever been held by the world in the estimation of a man of honour and integrity.—*Trim's* character, on the contrary, was as well known, if not in the world, at least in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettifogging, ambidextrous fellow—who neither cared what he did or said of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I said, have made any precaution needless—but you must know, as the parson had in a manner but just got down to his living, he dreaded the consequences of the least ill impression on his first entrance among his parishioners, which would have disabled him from doing them the good he wished—so that out of regard to his flock, more than the necessary care due to himself—he was resolved not to lie at the mercy of what resentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to.—

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearsed, from first to last, by the parson, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of *John* the parish clerk, and in the presence of *Trim*.

Trim had little to say for himself, except “that the parson had absolutely promised to befriend him and his wife in the affair to the utmost of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might still give it him if he pleased.”

To this the parson's reply was short, but strong, “That nothing was in his *power* to do but what he could do *bonestly*—that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he should do a manifest wrong to the *next* sexton, the great watch-coat being the most comfortable part of the place

—that he should moreover injure the right of his own successor, who would be just so much a worse patron as the worth of the coat amounted to; and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promising that coat was charity to *Trim*, but *wrong* to no man—that was a reserve, he said, made in all cases of this kind: and he declared solemnly, *in verbo sacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was so understood by *Trim* himself.”

With the weight of this truth, and the great good sense and strong reason which accompanied all the parson said on the subject——poor *Trim* was driven to his last shift—and begged he might be suffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by *promise*, at least by *servitude*—it was well known how much he was intitled to it upon these scores: “that he had black’d the parson’s shoes without count, and greased his boots above fifty times—that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occasions—whetted the knives at all hours—caught his horse, and rubbed him down—that, for his wife, she had been ready upon all occasions to char for them; and neither he nor she, to the best of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or anything beyond a mug of ale.”——To this account of his services, he begged leave to add those of his wishes, which, he said, had been equally great—he affirmed, and was ready, he said, to make it appear, by a number of witnesses, “he had drank his reverence’s health a thousand times (by-the-bye he did not add, out of the parson’s own ale)—that he had not only drank his health, but wished it, and never came to the house but asked his man kindly how he did—that in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile to ask a cunning

woman what was good to staunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches pocket. Nay, says *Trim*, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that strong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a closestool—and came back, as the neighbours who flouted me will all bear witness, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much." *Trim* concluded this pathetic remonstrance, with saying, "he hoped his reverence's heart would not suffer him to requite so many faithful services by so unkind a return:—that if it was so, as he was the first, so he hoped he should be the last example of a man of his condition so treated."—This plan of *Trim*'s defence, which *Trim* had put himself upon, could admit of no other reply than a general smile.—Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be said *pro* and *con*, on both sides, being fairly heard, it was plain that *Trim*, in every part of this affair, had behaved very ill—and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the course of this debate to come out against him, namely, that he had gone and told the parson, before he had ever set foot in his parish, that *John* his parish-clerk—his churchwardens, and some of the heads of the parish, were a parcel of scoundrels.—Upon the upshot, *Trim* was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At first, *Trim* huff'd and bounced most terribly—swore he would get a warrant—that nothing would serve him but he would call a bye-law, and tell the whole parish how the parson had misused him; but cooling of that, as fearing the parson might possibly bind him over to his good behaviour, and, for aught he knew, might send him

to the house of correction, he lets the parson alone, and to revenge himself falls foul upon the clerk, who had no more to do in the quarrel than you or I—rips up the promise of the old—cast—pair of black—plush—breeches; and raises an uproar in the town about it, notwithstanding it had slept ten years—but all this, you must know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful stroke of generalship in *Trim* to raise a dust, and cover himself under the disgraceful chastisement he has undergone.——

If your curiosity is not yet satisfied—I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the same exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat.——

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when *John* was appointed parish clerk of this church, this said *Trim* took no small pains to get into *John*'s good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promise out of him of a pair of breeches, which *John* had then by him, of black plush, not much the worse for wearing—*Trim* only begg'd, for God's sake, to have them bestowed upon him when *John* should think fit to cast them.——

Trim was one of these kind of men who loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's than the best plain whole thing his wife could spin him.

John, who was naturally unsuspicious, made no more difficulty of promising the breeches than the parson had done in promising the great coat; and indeed with something less reserve—because the breeches were *John*'s own, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to say unluckily, but I should rather say most luckily, for *Trim*, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about some six or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt *the late* parson of the parish and *John* the clerk. Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but *Trim*) had put it into the parson's head, "that *John's* desk in the church was at the least four inches higher than it should be—that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inasmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parson's desk itself."—This hardship the parson complained of loudly, and told *John*, one day after prayers, he could bear it no longer—and would have it altered, and brought down as it should be." *John* made no other reply, but "that the desk was not of his raising:—that 'twas not one hairbreadth higher than he found it—and that as he found it, so he would leave it.—In short, he would neither make an encroachment, neither would he suffer one."—The *late* parson might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not *humility*—so that *John's* stiffness in this point was not likely to reconcile matters.—This was *Trim's* harvest.

After a friendly hint to *John* to stand his ground, away hies *Trim* to make his market at the vicarage.—What passed there I will not say, intending not to be uncharitable; so shall content myself with only guessing at it from the sudden change that appeared in *Trim's* dress for the better—for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the stable, and was come forth strutting across the church yard, yclad in a good charitable cast coat, large hat, and wig, which the parson had just given him.—Ho! ho! hollo! *John*, cries *Trim*, in an insolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl—see here, my lad, how fine I am!

—The more shame for you, answered *John* seriously—Do you think, *Trim*, says he, such finery, gained by such services, becomes you, or can wear well?—Fy upon it, *Trim*, I could not have expected this from you, considering what friendship you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you—how many shillings, and sixpences, I have generously lent you in your distresses.—Nay, it was but the other day that I promised you these black plush breeches I have on.—Rot your breeches, quoth *Trim* (for *Trim*'s brain was half turn'd with his new finery) rot your breeches, says he—I would not take them up were they laid at my door—give them, and be d——d to you, to whom you like—I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parson's any day in the week.—*John* told him plainly, as his word had once passed him, he had a spirit above taking advantage of his insolence in giving them away to another—but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got so many favours of that kind, and was so likely to get many more for the same services, of the parson, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to some one who would be more thankful for them.

Here *John* mentioned *Mark Slender* (who it seems the day before had asked *John* for them) not knowing they were under promise to *Trim*—"Come, *Trim*," says he, "let poor *Mark* have them—you know he has not a pair to his a—: besides, you see he is just of my size, and they will fit to a T; whereas if I give 'em to you, look ye, they are not worth much; and besides, you could not get your backside into them, if you had them, without tearing them all to pieces."—Every tittle of this was most undoubtedly true; for *Trim*, you must know, by foul feed-

ing, and playing the good-fellow at the parson's, was grown somewhat gross about the lower parts, *if not higher*; so that, as all *John* said upon the occasion was fact, *Trim*, with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at last, out of mere compassion to *Mark*, signs, seals, and delivers up ALL RIGHT, INTEREST AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER IN AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS AND ASSIGNS NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION.—All this renunciation was set forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to *Mark*'s nakedness—but the secret was, *Trim* had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit-cloath, and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down—which, by-the-bye, could he had wheedled *John* a second time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loss of the breeches seven-fold.

Now, you must know, this pulpit-cloath and cushion were not in *John*'s gift, but in the churchwardens, &c. However, as I said above, that *John* was a leading man in the parish, *Trim* knew he could help him to 'em if he would—but *John* had got a surfeit of him—so, when the pulpit-cloath, &c. were taken down, they were immediately given (*John* having a great say in it) to *William Doe*, who undersood very well what use to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor *Mark* lived to wear them but a short time, and they got into the possession of *Lorry Slim*, an unlucky wight, by whom they are still worn—in truth, as you will guess, they are very thin by this time.

But *Lorry* has a light heart, and what recommends them to him, is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that *Trim*, let him say what he will to the contrary, still envies the *possessor* of them, and, with all his pride, would be very glad to wear them after *him*.

Upon this footing have these affairs slept quietly for near ten years—and would have slept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking bout, which, as I said, has ripped this squabble up afresh; so that it was no longer ago than last week, that *Trim* met and insulted *John* in the public town-way before a hundred people—tax'd him with the promise of the old cast pair of black breeches, notwithstanding *Trim*'s solemn renunciation—twitted him with the pulpit-cloath and velvet cushion—as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkship; adding, very insolently, that he knew not so much as to give out a common psalm in tune.

John contented himself by giving a plain answer to every article that *Trim* had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours, who remembered the whole affair—and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wrestling with a chimney-sweeper, he was going to take his leave of *Trim* for ever. But hold—the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightinesses insisted upon having *Trim* tried upon the spot.

Trim was accordingly tried, and, after a full hearing, was convicted a second time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parson's.——

Trim, says one, are you not ashamed of yourself to make

all this rout and disturbance in the town, and set neighbours together by the ears, about an old—worn—out—pair of cast—breeches not worth half a crown? Is there a cast coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a shilling, but what you have snapped up like a greedy hound as you are.——

In the first place, are you not sexton and dog-whipper, worth three pounds a-year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the washing and darning of the church-linen, which brings you in thirteen shillings and four-pence; then you have six shillings and eight-pence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Easter—the pounder's place, which is worth forty shillings a-year, you have got that too—you are the bail-iff, which the late parson got you, which brings you in forty shillings more.

Besides all this, you have six pounds a-year, paid you quarterly, for being mole-catcher to the parish. Aye, says the luckless wight above mentioned, (who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on), "you are not only mole-catcher, *Trim*, but you catch *STRAY CONIES* too in the *dark*, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter sessions." I maintain it, I have a licence, says *Trim*, blushing as red as scarlet—I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night. *You catch conies!* says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This set the mob a laughing, and sent every man home in perfect good humour, except *Trim*, who waddled

very slowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none.

I am,

Sir, yours, &c. &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE broke open my letter to inform you, that I missed the opportunity of sending it by the messenger who I expected would have called upon me in his return thro' this village to York; so it has lain a week or ten days by me—I am not sorry for the disappointment, because something has since happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to transmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every soul in the parish) *Trim* had met with so thorough a rebuff from *John* the parish clerk, and the town's folks, who all took against him, that *Trim* would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter rest.

But, it seems, it is not half an hour ago since *Trim* sallied forth again, and, having borrowed a sow-gelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raise a disturbance, and fight the whole battle over again—alleg'd that he had been used in the last fray worse than a dog, not by *John* the parish clerk, for I should not, quoth *Trim*, have valued him a rush single hands—but all the town sided with

him, and twelve men in *buckram* set upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at sword's point for three hours together.

Besides, quoth *Trim*, there were two misbegotted knaves in *Kendal green*, who lay all the while in ambush in *John's* own house, and they all sixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together—a plague, says *Trim*, of all cowards.

Trim repeated this story above a dozen times, which made some of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fellow crack-brain'd, and that he actually believed what he said.

After this *Trim* dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a fresh dispute about the reading desk, which I told you had occasioned some small dispute between the *late* parson and *John*, some years ago.—This reading desk, as you will observe, was but an episode wove into the main story by-the-bye, for the main affair was *the battle of the breeches and the great coat*.

However, *Trim*, being at last driven out of these two citadels—he has seized hold, in his retreat, of this reading desk, with a view, as it seems, to take shelter behind it.

I cannot say but the man has fought it out obstinately enough, and, had his cause been good, I should have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the *great watch-coat*, you see he did not run away; no,—he retreated behind the breeches, and, when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading

desk. To what other hold *Trim* will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parson's boot; but, as it is thought he cannot make a long stand there, others are of opinion, that *Trim* will once more in his life get hold of the parson's horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him; but, as the horse is not easy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading desk, he will make his last retreat in such a manner, as, if possible, to gain the *close-stool*, and defend himself behind it to the very last drop.

If *Trim* should make this movement, by my advice, he should be left, besides his citadel, in full possession of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep every body a league off, and may hop by himself till he is weary. Besides, as *Trim* seems bent upon *purging* himself, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of speculation—Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of stand *Trim* has actually made behind the said desk: "Neighbours and townsmen all, I will be sworn before my Lord Mayor, that *John* and his nineteen men in *buckram* have abused me worse than a dog; for they told you that I play'd fast and go loose with the *late* parson and him in that old dispute of theirs about the *reading desk*, and that I made matters worse between them, and not better."

Of this charge *Trim* declared he was as innocent as the child that was unborn—that he would be book-sworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a strong witness, and moreover insinuated, that *John* himself, instead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him—Aye, *Trim*, says the wight in the plush breeches, but that was, *Trim*, the day before *John* found thee out. Besides, *Trim*, there is nothing in that; for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knowest well, that I both thanked thee myself, and moreover gave thee a good warm supper for turning *John Lund*'s cows and horses out of my hard corn close, which, if thou hadst not done, (as thou told'st me), I should have lost my whole crop; whereas *John Lund* and *Thomas Patt*, who are both here to testify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyself was the very man who set the gate open—and after all, it was not thee, *Trim*, 'twas the blacksmith's poor lad who turned them out—so that a man may be thanked and rewarded too for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

Trim could not sustain this unexpected stroke—so *Trim* marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn sounding, or any other ensigns of honour whatever. —Whether after this *Trim* intends to rally a second time—or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory—none but *Trim* himself can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that, in three several pitch'd battles, *Trim* has been so *trimm'd* as never disastrous hero was *trimm'd* before.

FINIS.

THE FRAGMENT

IN THE MANNER OF RABELAIS

THE FRAGMENT IN THE MANNER OF RABEL-
AIS *is here reprinted from the third volume of the* LETT-
ERS OF STERNE *TO HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS,*
published by his daughter, Mrs. Medalle, in 1775.

THE FRAGMENT

CHAP. I.

Shewing two Things; first, what a Rabelaic Fellow LONGINUS RABELAICUS is, and secondly, how cavalierly he begins his Book.

MY dear and thrice reverend brethren, as well archbishops and bishops, as the *rest* of the inferior clergy! would it not be a glorious thing, if any man of genius and capacity amongst us for such a work, was fully bent within himself, to sit down immediately and compose a thorough—stitch'd system of the KERUKO-PAEDIA, fairly setting forth, to the best of his wit and memory, and collecting for that purpose all that is needful to be known, and understood of that art?—Of what art cried PANURGE? Good God! answered LONGINUS (making an exclamation, but taking care at the same time to moderate his voice) why, of the art of making all kinds of your theological, hebdomodical, rostrummical, humdrummical what d'ye call 'ems—I will be shot, quoth EPISTEMON, if all this story of thine of a roasted horse, is simply no more than S—— Sausages? quoth PANURGE. Thou hast fallen twelve feet and about five inches below the mark, answer'd EPISTEMON, for I hold them to be *Sermons*—which said word, (as I take the matter) being but a word of low degree, for a book of high rhetoric—LONGINUS RABELAICUS was fore-minded to usher and lead into his dissertation, with as much pomp and parade as he could afford; and for my

own part, either I know no more of Latin than my horse, or the KERUKOPAEDIA is nothing but the art of making 'em—And why not, quoth GYMNAST, of preaching them when we have done?—Believe me, dear souls, this is half in half—and if some skilful body would but put us in a way to do this to some *tune*—Thou wouldst not have them *chanted* surely, quoth TRIBOULET, laughing?—No, nor *canted* neither, quoth GYMNAST, crying!—but what I mean, my friends, says LONGINUS RABELAICUS (who is certainly one of the greatest criticks in the western world, and as Rabelaic a fellow as ever existed) what I mean, says he, interrupting them both and resuming his discourse, is this, that if all the scatter'd rules of the KERUKOPAEDIA could be but once carefully collected into one code, as thick as PANURGE's head, and the whole *cleanly* digested—(pooh, says Panurge, who felt himselfaggrieved) and bound up continued Longinus by way of a regular institute, and then put into the hands of every licensed preacher in Great Britain, and Ireland, just before he began to compose, I maintain it—I deny it flatly, quoth PANURGE—What? answer'd LONGINUS RABELAICUS with all the temper in the world.

CHAP. II.

In which the Reader will begin to form a Judgement, of what an Historical, Dramatical, Anecdotal, Allegorical, and Comical Kind of a Work he has got hold of.

HOMENAS who had to preach next Sunday (before God knows whom) knowing nothing at all of the matter—was all this while at it as hard as he could drive in the very next room:—for having fouled two clean sheets of his own, and being quite stuck fast in the entrance upon his third general *division*, and finding himself unable to get either forwards or backwards with any grace—“Curse it,” says he, (thereby excommunicating every mother’s son who should think differently) “why may not a man lawfully call in for help in this, as well as any other human emergency?”—So without any more argumentation, except starting up and nimming down from the top shelf but one, the second volume of CLARK—tho’ without any felonious intention in so doing, he had begun to clap me in (making a joint first) five whole pages, nine round paragraphs, and a dozen and a half of good thoughts all of a row; and because there was a confounded high gallery—was transcribing it away like a little devil.—Now—quoth HOMENAS to himself “tho’ I hold all this to be fair and square, yet, if I am found out, there will be the deuce and all to pay.”—*Why are the bells ringing backwards, you lad? what is all that crowd about, honest man?* HOMENAS was got upon Doctor CLARK’S back, sir—and what of that, my lad? *Why an please you, he has broke his neck, and fractured his skull, and befouled himself into the bargain, by a fall from the pulpit two stories high.* Alas! poor HOMENAS! HOMENAS has done his busi-

ness!—HOMENAS will never preach more while breath is in his body.—No, faith, I shall never again be able to tickle it off as I have done. I may sit up whole winter nights baking my blood with hectic watchings, and write as solid as a FATHER of the church—or, I may sit down whole summer days evaporating my spirits into the finest thoughts, and write as florid as a MOTHER of it.—In a word, I may compose myself off my legs, and preach till I burst—and when I have done, it will be worse than if not done at all.—*Pray Mr. Such-a-one, who held forth last Sunday? Doctor CLARK, I trow; says one. Pray what Doctor CLARK says a second? Why HOMENAS's Doctor CLARK, quoth a third. O rare HOMENAS! cries a fourth; your servant Mr. HOMENAS, quoth a fifth.—*'Twill be all over with me, by Heav'n—I may as well put the book from whence I took it.—Here HOMENAS burst into a flood of tears, which falling down helter skelter, ding dong without any kind of intermission for six minutes and almost twenty five seconds, had a marvellous effect upon his discourse; for the aforesaid tears, do you mind, did so temper the wind that was rising upon the aforesaid discourse, but falling for the most part perpendicularly, and hitting the spirits at right angles, which were mounting horizontally all over the surface of his harangue, they not only play'd the devil and all with the sublimity—but moreover the said tears, by their nitrous quality, did so refrigerate, precipitate, and hurry down to the bottom of his soul, all the unsavory particles which lay fermenting (as you saw) in the middle of his conception, that he went on in the coolest and chastest stile (for a *soliloquy* I think) that ever mortal man uttered.

“This is really and truly a very hard case, continued

HOMENAS to himself"—PANURGE, by the bye, and all the company in the next room hearing all along every syllable he spoke; for you must know, that notwithstanding PANURGE had open'd his mouth as wide as he could for his blood, in order to give a round answer to LONGINUS RABELAICUS's interrogation, which concluded the last chapter—yet HOMENAS's rhetoric had pour'd in so like a torrent, slap-dash thro' the wainscot amongst them, and happening at that *uncritical* crisis, when PANURGE had just put his ugly face into the above-said posture of defence—that he stopt short—he did indeed, and tho' his head was full of matter, and he had screw'd up every nerve and muscle belonging to it, till all cryed *crack* again, in order to give a due projectile force to what he was going to let fly, full in LONGINUS RABELAICUS's teeth who sat over against him.—Yet for all that, he had the continence to contain himself, for he stopt short, I say, without uttering one word except, Z . . . ds—many reasons may be assign'd for this, but the most true, the most strong, the most hydrostatical, and the most philosophical reason, why PANURGE did not go on, was—that the foremention'd *torrent* did so *drown* his voice, that he had none left to go on with.—God help him, poor fellow! so he stopt short, (as I have told you before) and all the time HOMENAS was speaking he said not another word, good or bad, but stood gaping, and staring, like what you please—so that the break, mark'd thus—which HOMENAS's grief had made in the middle of his discourse, which he could no more help than he could fly—produced no other change in the room where LONGINUS RABELAICUS, EPISTEMON, GYMNAST, TRIBOULET, and nine or ten more honest blades had got Kerukopædizing together, but that it

gave time to GYMNAST to give PANURGE a good squashing chuck under his double chin; which PANURGE taking in good part, and just as it was meant by GYMNAST, he forthwith shut his mouth—and gently sitting down upon a stool though somewhat excentrically and out of neighbours row, but listening, as all the rest did, with might and main, they plainly and distinctly heard every syllable of what you will find recorded in the very next chapter.

THE CONTINUATION
OF THE BRAMINE'S JOURNAL:
OR, THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA

THE CONTINUATION OF THE BRAMINE'S JOURNAL
or, THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA, as it is more com-
monly called—was first printed in THE LIFE & WORKS
OF LAURENCE STERNE, edited by Prof. Wilbur L.
Cross, 12 vols (New York, 1904). It was also printed, with
certain omissions, in "Sterne: A Study," by Walter Sichel,
in 1910. For the present edition, the printed text has been col-
lated with the original MS. in the British Museum [Add.
MSS. 34527, ff. 1-40] and the passages omitted from Mr.
Sichel's text are here restored. Sterne's punctuation, and his
use of capitals have been slightly modified, but otherwise the
MS. has been carefully followed.

The statement in the prefatory note that "the real names
are foreign—& the Acc^t a Copy from a french Mans'",
is disingenuous, and would seem to imply that Sterne had
intended publication of the Journal. Mrs. Eliza Draper was
a real person; and the Continuation was begun on April 13th,
1767—the day on which she sailed for India to rejoin her
husband. She and Yorick did not meet again. The earlier
part of the Journal, written before she sailed, has been lost.

Eliza is the Bramine, and Sterne the Bramin; and
though occasionally he has omitted or inserted the final e in
error, there is no question as to his meaning.

THIS Journal wrote under the fictitious names of Yorick & Draper—and sometimes of the Bramin & Bramine—but 'tis a Diary of the miserable feelings of a person separated from a Lady for whose society he languished—The real names are foreign—& the Acc^t a Copy from a french Mans^t in M^{rs} S——s hands—but wrote as it is to cast a Viel over them—There is a Counterpart—which is the Lady's Acc^t what transactions dayly happened—& what Sentiments occupied her mind, during this separation from her Admirer—these are worth reading—the translator cannot say so much in fav^r of Yorick's—which seem to have little merit beyond their honesty & truth—

JOURNAL TO ELIZA

Continuation of the Bramin[e]'s Journal.

Sunday, Ap. 13.—wrote the last farewell to Eliza by M^r Wats who sails this day for Bombay (he sailed 23)—inclosed her likewise the Journal kept from the day we parted, to this—so from hence continue it till the time we meet again—Eliza does the same, so we shall have mutual testimonies to deliver hereafter to each other, that the Sun has not more constantly rose & set upon the earth, than we have thought of & remembered what is more chearing than Light itself—eternal Sun-shine!

Eliza!—dark to me is all this world without thee! & most heavily will every hour pass over my head, till that is come w^{ch} brings thee, dear Woman back to Albion. dined with Hall &c. at the brawn's head—the whole Pandamonium assembled—supped together at Halls—worn out both in body & mind, & paid a severe reckoning all the night.

Ap. 14.—got up tottering & feeble—then is it Eliza, that I feel the want of thy friendly hand & friendly Council—& yet, with thee beside Me, thy Bramin would lose the merit of his virtue—he could not err—I will take thee upon any terms, Eliza! I shall be happy here—& I will be so just, so kind to thee, I will deserve not to be miserable hereafter—A Day dedicated to abstinence &

reflection—& what object will employ the greatest part of mine—full well does my Eliza know.

Monday, Ap. 15.—worn out with fevers of all kinds but most, by that fever of the heart with w^{ch} I'm eternally wasting, & shall waste till I see Eliza again—dreadful suffering of 15 months!—it may be more—great Controulr of Events! surely thou wilt proportion this to my strength, and to that of my Eliza. passed the whole afternoon in reading her Letters, and reducing them to the order in which they were wrote to me—staid the whole evening at home—no pleasure or interest in either Society or Diversions—what a change, my dear Girl, hast thou made in me!—but the Truth is, thou hast only turn'd the tide of my passions a new way—they flow, Eliza to thee—& ebb from every other Object in this world—& Reason tells me they do right—for my heart has rated thee at a Price, that all the world is not rich enough to purchase thee from me, at. In a high fever all the night.

Ap. 16.—and got up so ill, I could not go to Mr. James as I had promised her—took James's Powder however—& leaned the whole day with my head upon my hand, sitting most dejectedly at the Table with my Eliza's Picture before me sympathizing & soothing me—O my Bramine! my Friend! my—Help-mate!—for (if I'm a prophet) is the Lot marked out for thee,—& such I consider thee now, & thence it is Eliza, I share so righteously with thee, in all the evil or good which befalls thee—But all our portion is Evil now, & all our hours grief.—I look forwards towards the Elysium we have so often and rapturously talk'd of—Cordelia's

Spirit will fly to tell thee in some sweet slumber, the moment the door is opened for thee—& the Bramin of the Vally shall follow the track wherever it leads him, to get to his Eliza, & invite her to his Cottage.—

5 in the afternoon.—I have just been eating my Chickening, sitting over my repast upon it with Tears—a bitter Sause—Eliza! but I could eat it with no other—when Molly spread the Table cloath, my heart fainted within me—one solitary plate—one knife—one fork—one Glass!—O Eliza! 'twas painfully distressing—I gave a thousand pensive penetrating Looks at the Arm chair thou so often graced on these quiet, sentimental Repasts—& sighed & laid down my knife & fork,—& took out my handkerchief, clap'd it across my face & wept like a child—I shall read the same affecting Acc^t of many a sad Dinner wth Eliza has had no power to taste of, from the same feelings and recollections, how she and her Bramin have eat their bread in peace and Love together.

April 17.—with my friend M^{rs} James in Gerard Street, with a present of Colours & apparatus for painting:—Long conversation about thee, my Eliza—sunk my heart wth an infamous Acc^t of Draper & his detested character at Bombay—for what a wretch art thou hazarding thy life, my dear friend, & what thanks is his nature capable of returning?—thou wilt be repaid with Injuries & Insults! Still there is a blessing in store for the meek and gentle, & Eliza will not be disinherited of it: her Bramin is kept alive by this hope only—otherwise he is so sunk both in spirits and looks, Eliza would scarce know him again, dined alone again today; & begin to feel a pleasure in this kind of resigned misery arising from this situation of heart unsupported by aught but

its own tenderness—Thou owest me much, Eliza!—& I will have patience; for thou wilt pay me all—But the Demand is equal; much I owe thee, & with much shalt thou be requited.—Sent for a Chart of the Atlantic Ocean, to make conjectures upon what part of it my Treasure was floating—O! 'tis but a little way off—and I could venture after it in a Boat, methinks—I'm sure I could, was I to know Eliza was in distress—but fate has chalked out other roads for us—we must go on with many a weary step, each in this separate heartless track, till Nature——

Ap. 18.—This day set up my carriage—new subject of heart-ache that Eliza is not here to share it with me.

Bought Orm's account of India—why?—Let not my Bramine ask me—her heart will tell her why I do this, & every Thing—

Ap. 19.—poor sick-headed, sick-hearted Yorick! Eliza has made a shadow of thee—I am absolutely good for nothing, as every mortal is who can think & talk but upon one thing!—how I shall rally my powers, alarms me; for Eliza thou has melted them all into one—the power of loving thee—& with such ardent affection as triumphs over all other feelings—was with our faithful friend all the morning; & dined with her & James—What is the cause that I can never talk abt my Eliza to her but I am rent in pieces?—I burst into tears a dozen different times after dinner, & such affectionate gusts of passion, That she was ready to leave the room & sympathize [*several erasures*] in private for us. I weep for you both, said she (in a whisper) for Eliza's anguish is as sharp as yours—her heart as tender—her constancy as great—

heaven will join your hands I'm sure together!—James was occupied in reading a pamphlet upon the East India affairs—so I answered her with a kind look, a heavy sigh & a stream of tears—what was passing in Eliza's breast at this affecting crisis?—something kind, and pathetic! I will lay my life.

8 o'clock.—retired to my room, to tell my dear this—to run back the hours of joy I have passed with her—& meditate upon those w^{ch} are still in reserve for us.—By this time M^r James tells me, you will have got as far from me as the Maderas—& that in two months more you will have doubled the Cape of good hope—I shall trace thy track every day in the Map, & not allow one hour for contrary Winds or Currents—every engine of nature shall work together for us—'Tis the language of Love—& I can speak no other. & so, good night to thee, & may the gentlest delusions of Love impose upon thy dreams, as I forebode they will this night on those of thy Brameine.

Ap : 20. Easter Sunday.—Was not disappointed—yet awoke in the most acute pain—Something, Eliza, is wrong with me. [*Many erasures.*] You should be ill out of sympathy—& yet you are too ill already, my dear friend—[*Two lines erased.*] All day at home in extreme dejection.

Ap: 21.—The Loss of Eliza, & attention to that one Idea, brought on a fever—a consequence I have for some time foreseen—but had not a sufficient Stock of cold philosophy to remedy—to satisfy my friends call'd in a Physician—Alas! alas! the only Physician, & who carries the Balm of my Life along with her,—is Eliza.—

why did I suffer thee to go from me? surely thou hast more than once call'd thyself, my Eliza, to the same Account.—'twill cost us both dear! but it could not be otherwise—We have submitted.—we shall be rewarded.

'Twas a prophetic Spirit w^{ch} dictated the Acc^t of Corp^l Trim's uneasy night when the fair Beguin ran in his head,—for every night & almost every slumber of mine, since the day we parted, is a repetition of the same description—dear Eliza! I am very ill—very ill for thee—but I could still give thee greater proofs of my affection. parted with 12 ounces of blood, in order to quiet what was left of me—'tis a vain experiment,—physicians cannot understand this; 'tis enough for me that Eliza does—I am worn down my dear Girl to a shadow, & but that I'm certain thou wilt not read this till I'm restored—thy Yorick would not let the Winds hear his complaints—

4 o'clock.—sorrowful meal! for 'twas upon our old dish—we shall live to eat it my dear Bramine, with comfort.

8 at night.—our dear friend M^{rs} James, from the forebodings of a good heart, thinking I was ill sent her Maid to enquire after me.—I had alarmed her on Saturday; & not being with her on Sunday, her friendship supposed the condition I was in.—She suffers most tenderly for us, my Eliza! & we owe her more than all the Sex—or indeed both Sexes, if not all the world put together—adieu! my sweet Eliza! for this night—thy Yorick is going to waste himself on a restless bed where he will turn from side to side a thousand times—& dream by intervals of things terrible & impossible—that Eliza is false to Yorick, or Yorick is false to Eliza.

Ap. 22^d.—rose with utmost difficulty—my Physician ordered me back to bed as soon as I had got a dish of Tea

—was bled again; my arm broke loose & I half bled to death in bed before I felt it. O Eliza! how did thy Bramine mourn the want of thee to tye up his wounds & comfort his dejected heart—still something bids me hope—& hope I will—& it shall be the last pleasurable sensation I part with.

4 o'clock.—They are making my bed—how shall I be able to continue my Journal in it?—If there remains a chasm here—think Eliza, how ill thy Yorick must have been.—this moment rec^d a card from our dear friend begging me to take care of a life so valuable to my friends—but most so she adds, to my poor dear Eliza.—not a word from the Newnhams! but they had no such exhortation in their hearts, to send thy Bramine—adieu to 'em!—

Ap. 23.—a poor night. and am only able to quit my bed at 4 this afternoon—to say a word to my dear—& fulfill my engagement to her of letting no day pass over my head without some kind communication with thee—faint resemblance, my dear Girl, of how our days are to pass when one kingdom holds us—visited in bed by 40 friends in the Course of the Day—is not one warm affectionate call, of that friend for whom I sustain Life, worth 'em all?—what thinkest thou, my Eliza?

Ap. 24.—So ill I could not write a word all this morning—not so much, as Eliza! farewel to thee;—I'm going——am a little better——

—So I shall not depart, as I apprehended—being this morning something better—& my symptoms become milder by a tolerable easy night—and now, if I have strength & Spirits to trail my pen down to the bottom of

the page, I have as whimsical a Story to tell you, and as comically disastrous as ever befell one of our family—Shandy's Nose—his *name*—his Sash-Window are fools to it. It will serve at *least* to amuse You. The Injury I did myself in catching cold upon James's powder, fell, you must know, upon the worst part it could,—the most painful, & most dangerous of any in the human Body—It was on this Crisis, I call'd in an able Surgeon & with him an able physician, (both my friends) to inspect my disaster—'tis a venereal Case, cried my two Scientific friends—'tis impossible at least to be that, replied I—for I have had no commerce whatever with the Sex—not even with my wife, added I, these 15 years—You are ***** however my good friend, said the Surgeon, or there is no such Case in the world—what the Devil! said I without knowing Woman—we will not reason ab' it, said the Physician, but you must undergo a course of Mercury,—I'll lose my life first, said I,—& trust to Nature, to Time—or at the worst—to Death,—so I put an end with some Indignation to the Conference; and determined to bear all the torments I underwent, & ten times more rather than, submit to be treated as a *Sinner*, in a point where I had acted like a *Saint*. Now as the father of mischief w^d have it, who has no pleasure like that of dishonouring the righteous—it so fell out, That from the moment I dismissed my Doctors—my pains began to rage with a violence not to be express'd, or supported.—every hour became more intollerable—I was got to bed—cried out & raved the whole night—& was got up so near dead, That my friends insisted upon my sending again for my Physician & Surgeon—I told them upon the word of a man of Strict honour, They were both mistaken as to my case—but tho' they had

reason'd wrong—they might act right—but that sharp as my sufferings were, I felt them not so sharp as the Imputation, w^{ch} a venereal treatment of my case, laid me under—They answered that these taints of the blood laid dormant 20 Years—but that they would not reason with me in a matter wherein I was so delicate—but would do all the office for w^{ch} they were call'd in—[?&] namely, to put an end to my torment, w^{ch} otherwise would put an end to me.—& so have I been compell'd to surrender myself—& thus Eliza is your Yorick, y^r Bramine—your friend with all his [?] sensibilities, suffering the Chastisement of the grossest Sensualist—Is it not a most ridiculous Embarassm^t, as ever Yorick's Spirit could be involved in—

Tis needless to tell Eliza, that nothing but the purest consciousness of Virtue, could have tempted Eliza's friend to have told her this Story—Thou art too good my Eliza to love aught but Virtue—& too discerning not to distinguish the open Character w^{ch} bears it, from the artful and double one w^{ch} affects it—This, by the way, w^d make no bad anecdote in T. Shandy's Life—however I thought at least it would amuse you, in a Country where *less Matters* serve.—This has taken me three Sitings—it ought to be a good picture—I'm more proud, That it is a true one. In ten Days, I shall be able to get out—my room allways full of friendly [?] Visitors]—& my supper eternally going with Cards & enquiries after me. I sh^d be glad of the Testimonies—without the Tax.

Every thing convinces me, Eliza, We shall live to meet again—So—Take care of y^r health, to add to the comfort of it.

Ap. 25.—After a tolerable night I am able, Eliza, to

sit up & hold a discourse with the sweet Picture thou hast left behind thee of thyself, & tell it how much I had dreaded the catastrophe of never seeing its dear Original more in this world—never did that look of sweet resignation appear so eloquent as now; it has said more to my heart cheer'd it up more effectually above little fears & *may be's*—Than all the Lectures of philosophy I have strength to apply to it in my present debility of mind and body.—as for the latter—my men of science will set it properly going again—tho' upon what principles—the wise Men of Gotham know as much as they.—If they *act right*—What is it to me how *wrong they think*; for finding my machine a much less tormenting one to me than before, I become reconciled to my situation, and to their Ideas of it ——— but don't you pity me, after all, my dearest & my best of friends? I know to what an amount thou wilt shed over me this tender Tax—& 'tis the Consolation springing out of that, & of what a good heart it is which pours this friendly balm on mine, That has already, & will for ever heal every evil of my Life. and what is becoming of my Eliza, all this time!—where is she sailing?—what sickness or other evils have befallen her? I weep often my dear Girl, for those my Imagination surrounds thee with—What w^d be the measure of my sorrow, did I know thou wast distressed?—adieu—adieu—& trust my dear friend—my dear Bramine, that there still wants nothing to kill me in a few days, but the certainty that thou wast suffering what I am—and yet I know thou art ill—but when thou returnest back to England, all shall be set right—so heaven waft thee to us upon the wings of Mercy—that is as speedily as the winds & tides can do thee this friendly office. This is the 7th day that I have tasted nothing better than Water

gruel—am going, at the solicitation of Hall, to eat of a boil'd fowl—so he dines with me on it—and a dish of Macareels.

7 o'clock.—I have drunk to thy Name Eliza! everlasting peace & happiness (my toast) in the first glass of Wine I have adventured to drink. my friend has left me —& I am alone—like thee in thy solitary Cabbins after thy return from a tasteless meal in the round house, & like thee I fly to my Journal, to tell thee I never prized thy friendship so high, or loved thee more—or wished so ardently to be a sharer of all the weights w^{ch} Providence has laid upon thy tender frame—Than this moment—when upon taking up my pen my poor pulse quickened—my pale face glowed—& tears stood ready in my eyes to fall upon the paper, as I traced the word Eliza. O Eliza! Eliza! ever best & blessed of all thy Sex! blessed in thyself & in thy Virtues—& blessed and endearing to all who know thee—to me, Eliza, most so; because I *know more* of thee than any other—This is the true philtre by which thou hast charmed me & wilt for ever charm & hold me thine, whilst Virtue & faith hold this world together; for the simple Magick by which I trust I have won a place in that heart of thine, on w^{ch} I depend so satisfied, That Time & distance or change of everything w^{ch} might allarm the little hearts of little men, create no uneasy suspense in mine—It scorns to doubt—& scorns to be doubted—'tis the only exception—where Security is not the parent of Danger.

My Illness will keep me three weeks longer in town—but a journey in less time would be hazardous, unless a short one across the Desert w^{ch} I should set out upon tomorrow could I carry a Medicine with me which I was

sure would prolong one month of y^r Life—or should it happen — — — —

but why make Suppositions?—when Situations happen—'tis time enough to show thee That thy Bramin is the truest & most friendly of mortal Spirits, & capable of doing more for his Eliza than his pen will suffer him to promise.

Ap. 26.—Slept not till three this morning—was in too delicious Society to think of it; for I was all the time with thee besides me, talking over the progress of our friendship & turning the world into a thousand shapes to enjoy it. got up much better for the conversation—found myself improved in body & mind & recruited beyond anything I look'd for; My Doctors stroked their beards & looked ten per C^t wiser upon feeling my pulse, & enquiring after my symptoms—am still to run thro' a Course of Van Sweeten's Corrosive Mercury, or rather Van Sweeten's Course of Mercury is to run thro' me—I shall be sublimated to an ethereal substance by the time my Eliza sees me—she must be sublimated and unincorporated too to be able to see me—but I was always Transparent & a Being easy to be seen thro', or Eliza had never loved me—nor had Eliza been of any other *Cast* herself, could her Bramine have held *Communion* with her. hear every day from our worthy sentimental friend—who rejoices to think that the name of Eliza is still to vibrate upon Yorick's ear—this, my dear Girl, many who loved me dispaired of—poor Molly who is all attention to me—& every day brings in the name of poor M^{rs} Draper, told me last night, that she & her mistress had observed I had never held up my head since the Day you last dined with me—that I had seldom

laughed or smiled—had gone to no Diversions—but twice or thrice at the most dined out—That they thought I was broken hearted, for she never entered the room or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily—That I neither eat or slept or took pleasure in anything as before, except writing—The Observation will draw a sigh, Eliza, from thy feeling heart—& yet, so thy heart w^d wish to have it—'tis fit in truth we suffer equally—nor can it be otherwise when the Causes of anguish in two hearts are so proportion'd as in ours.—Surely, surely thou art mine, Eliza! for dear have I bought thee!

Ap. 27.—Things go better with me, Eliza! and I shall be reestablished, soon except in bodily weakness; not yet being able to rise from thy Arm chair & walk to the other corner of my room, & back to it again without fatigue—I shall double my journey tomorrow, & if the day is warm the day after be got into my Carriage & be transported into Hyde Park for the advantage of air & exercise—waist thou but besides me I could go to Salt Hill I'm sure, & feel the journey short & pleasant—another Time! . . . —the present alas! is not ours. I pore so much on thy Picture—I have it *off by heart*—dear Girl—oh 'tis sweet! 'tis kind! 'tis reflecting! 'tis affectionate! 'tis—thine my Bramine. I say my matins & vespers to it—I quiet my murmurs by the Spirit which speaks in it—“All will end well, my Yorick” I declare my dear Bramine I am so secured & wrapt up in this belief That I would not part with the Imagination of how happy I am to be with thee, for all the offers of present Interest or Happiness the whole world could tempt me with; in the loneliest cottage that Love & Humility ever dwelt in, with thee along with me, I could possess more refined Content

than in the most glittering Court, & with thy love & fidelity taste truer joys my Eliza! & make thee also partake of more, than all the senseless parade of this silly world could compensate to either of us—with this I bound all my desires & worldly views—what are they worth without Eliza? Jesus! grant me but this, I will deserve it—I will make my Bramine as happy as thy goodness wills her—I will be the Instrument of her recompense for the sorrows & disappointments thou hast suffered her to undergo, & if ever I am false, unkind or ungentele to her, so let me be dealt with by thy Justice.

9 o'clock.—I am preparing to go to bed my dear Girl, & first pray for thee, & then to idolize thee for two wakeful hours upon my pillow—I shall after that I find dream all night of thee, for all the day have I done nothing but think of thee—something tells that thou hast this day, been employed exactly in the same Way. good night, fair soul—& may the sweet God of sleep close gently thy eyelids—& govern & direct thy slumbers—adieu! adieu, adieu!

Ap. 28.—I was not deceived, Eliza! by my presentiment that I should find thee out in my dreams; for I have been with thee almost the whole night, alternately soothing Thee or telling thee my sorrows—I have rose up comforted & strengthened—& found myself so much better that I ordered my Carriage, to carry me to our mutual friend—Tears ran down her cheeks when she saw how pale & wan I was—never gentle creature sympathized more tenderly—I beseech you, cried the good soul, not to regard either difficulties or expences, but fly to Eliza directly—I see you will dye without her—save y^r self for her—how shall I look her in the face? What can I say

to her, when on her return I have to tell her That her Yorick is no more!—Tell her my dear friend, said I, that I will meet her in a better world—& that I have left this because I could not live without her; tell Eliza, my dear friend, added I—That I died broken hearted—and that you were a witness to it—as I said this she burst into the most pathetick flood of Tears that ever kindly Nature shed—you never beheld so affecting a scene—'Twas too much for Nature!—Oh she is good—I love her as my sister! & could Eliza have been a witness, hers would have melted down to Death & scarce have been brought back, from an Extacy so celestial & savouring of another world.—I had like to have fainted, & to that Degree was my heart and Soul affected it was wth difficulty I could reach the street door; I have got home & shall lay all day upon my Sopha—& to morrow morning, my dear Girl, write again to thee; for I have not strength to drag my pen.

Ap. 29.—I am so ill today my dear, I can only tell you so—I wish I was put into a ship for Bombay—I wish I may otherwise hold out till the hour we might otherwise have met—I have too many evils upon me at once—& yet I will not faint under them—Come!—Come to me soon my Eliza & save me!

Ap. 30.—Better to-day—but am too much visited & find my strength wasted by the attention I must give to all concern'd for me—I will go Eliza, be it but by ten mile journeys, home to my thatched cottage—& there I shall have no respite—for I shall do nothing but think of thee—& burn out this weak taper of Life, by the flame thou hast superadded to it—farewell my dear. . . .—to-

morrow begins a new month—& I hope to give thee in it a more sunshiny side of myself—Heaven! how is it with my Eliza?—

May 1.—Got out into the park today—Sheba there on horseback; pass'd twice by her without knowing her—She stop'd the 3^d time to ask me how I did. I w^d not have asked you, Solomon, said she, but y^r looks affected me—for you'r half dead I fear—I thank'd Sheba very kindly, but wthout any emotion but what sprung from gratitude—Love alas! was fled with thee Eliza! I did not think Sheba could have changed so much in grace & beauty—Thou hadst shrunk poor Sheba away into Nothing, but a good natured girl without powers or charms—I *fear* your wife is dead, quoth Sheba—No, you don't *fear* it, Sheba said I.—Upon my word Solomon! I would quarrel with you was you not so ill—If you knew the cause of my illness Sheba, replied I, you w^d quarrel but the more with me—You lie, Solomon! answered Sheba, for I know the cause already—& am so little out of charity with you upon it That I give you leave to come & drink Tea with me before you leave town—you're a good honest creature Sheba—No! you Rascal, I am not—but I'm in Love, as much as you can be for y^r Life—I'm glad of it Sheba! said I—You lie, said Sheba, & so canter'd away. Oh my Eliza, had I ever truly loved another (w^{ch} I never did) Thou hast long ago cut the root of all affection in me—& planted & water'd & nourish'd it to bear fruit only for thyself—Continue to give me proofs I have had & shall preserve the same rights over thee my Eliza! and if I ever murmur at the sufferings of Life after that Let me be numbered with the ungrateful. I look now forwards with impatience for the day thou art to get to

Madras—& from thence shall I want to hasten thee to Bombay—where heaven will make all things conspire to lay the Basis of thy health and future Happiness—be true my dear Girl to thyself—& to the rights of self preservation which Nature has given thee—persevere—be firm—be pliant—be placid—be courteous—but still be true to thyself—& never give up y^r life, or suffer the disquieting altercations, or small outrages you may undergo in this momentous point to weigh a scruple in the Ballance—Firmness—& fortitude & perseverance gain almost impossibilities—& “*Skin for skin, saith Job, nay all that a man has, will he give for his Life*”—Oh my Eliza! that I could take the wings of the Morning and fly to aid thee in *this* virtuous Struggle. went to Ranelagh at 8 this night, & sat still till ten—came home ill.

May 2^d.—I fear I have relapsed—sent afresh for my Doctor—who has confined me to my Sopha—being able neither to walk, stand or sit upright, without aggravating my symptoms.—I’m still to be treated as if I was a sinner—& in truth have some appearances so strongly implying it, That was I not conscious I had had no commerce with the Sex these 15 years, I would decamp to morrow for Montpellier in the South of France, where Maladies of this sort are better treated and all taints more radically driven out of the Blood—than in this Country; but If I continue long ill—I am still determined to repair there—not to undergo a cure of a distemper I cannot have, but for the bettering my constitution by a better climate. I write this as I lie upon my back in w^{ch} posture I must continue, I fear some days. If I am able will take up my pen again before night—

4 o’clock.—An hour dedicated to Eliza! for I have din-

ed alone—& ever since the cloath has been laid have done nothing but call upon thy dear Name—and ask why 'tis not permitted thou shouldst sit down, & share my Macarel & fowl—there would be enough, said Molly as she placed it upon the table, to have served both you & poor Mrs. Draper—I never bring in the knives & forks, added she, but I think of her—There was no more trouble with you both, than wth one of you—I never heard a high or hasty word from either of you—You were surely made, added Molly, for one another; You are both so kind so quiet & so friendly.—Molly furnished me with Sause to my meat—for I wept my plate full, Eliza! & now I have begun, could shed tears till supper again—& then go to bed weeping for thy absence till morning. Thou hast bewitch'd me with powers, my dear Girl, from which no power shall unlose me—and if Fate can put this Journal of my Love into thy hands, before we meet, I know with what warmth it will inflame the kindest of hearts to receive me. peace be with thee, my Eliza, till that happy moment!

9 *at night*.—I shall never get possession of myself, Eliza! at this rate—I want to call off my thoughts from thee, that I may now & then apply them to some concerns w^{ch} require both my attention & genius, but to no purpose—I had a letter to write to Lord Shelburn—& had got my apparatus in order to begin—when a Map of India coming in my way—I begun to study the length & dangers of my Eliza's voiage to it, and have been amusing & frightening myself by turns, as I traced the pathway of the Earl of Chatham, the whole afternoon—good god! what a voiage for any one!—but for the poor relaxed frame of my tender Bramine to cross the Line twice! & be subject to the Intolerant heats, & the hazards w^{ch}

must be the consequence of em to such an unsupported Being!—O Eliza! tis too much—& if thou conquerest these, & all the other difficulties of so tremendous an alienation from thy country, thy children & thy friends, 'tis the hand of Providence w^{ch} watches over thee for most merciful purposes.—Let this persuasion, my dear Eliza! stick close to thee in all thy tryals—as it shall in those thy faithful Bramin is put to—till the mark'd hour of deliverance comes. I'm going to sleep upon this religious Elixir—may the Infusion of it distil into the gentlest of hearts—for that Eliza! is thine—sweet, dear, faithful Girl, most kindly does thy Yorick greet thee with the wishes of a good night, & of millions yet to come—

May 3^d. Sunday.—what can be the matter with me! Something is wrong, Eliza! in every part of me—I do not gain strength; nor have I the feelings of health returning back to me; even my best moments seem merely the efforts of my mind to get well again, because I cannot reconcile myself to the thoughts of never seeing thee Eliza more.—for some thing is out of tune in every chord of me—still with thee to nurse and sooth me I should soon do well—The want of thee is half my distemper—but not the whole of it—I must see M^{rs} James tonight, tho I know not how to get there—but I shall not sleep, if I don't talk of you to her—so shall finish this Day's Journal on my return—

May 4th.—Directed by M^{rs} James how to write Overland to thee, my Eliza!—would gladly tear out thus much of my Journal to send to thee—but the chances are too many against its getting to Bombay—or of being deliver'd into y^r own hands—shall write a long long letter

—& trust it to Fate & thee. was not able to say three words at M^{rs} James thro' utter weakness of body & mind; & when I got home could not get up stairs wth out Molly's aid—have rose a little better, my dear Girl—& will live for thee—do the same for thy Bramin, I beseech thee. a Line from thee now, in this state of my dejection, would be worth a kingdom to me!——

May 4.—Writing by way of Vienna & Bussorah, to my Eliza.—this & Company took up the day.

5th.—Writing to Eliza—& trying *l'Extrait de Saturne* upon my self—(a french Nostrum)——

6th.—Dined out for the 1st time—came home to enjoy a more harmonious evening wth my Eliza than I could expect at Soho Concert—every Thing my dear Girl, has lost its former relish to me—& for thee eternally does it quicken! writing to thee over Land—all day.

7.—continue poorly, my dear!—but my blood warms every mom^t I think of our future scenes. so must grow strong upon the Idea—what shall I do upon the Reality?—O God!

8th.—employed in writing to my Dear all day—& in projecting happiness for her—tho in misery myself. O I have undergone Eliza.—but worst is over (I hope)—so adieu to these Evils, & let me hail the happiness to come.

9th 10th & 11th.—So unaccountably disordered—I cannot say more—but that I w. suffer ten times more & with smiles for my Eliza—adieu bless'd Woman!——

12th.—O Eliza! that my weary head was now laid upon thy Lap—(tis all that's left for it)—or that I had thine reclining upon my bosome, and there resting all its disquietudes;—Oh, my Bramine—the world or Yorick must perish, before that foundation shall fail thee!—I continue poorly—but I turn my eyes Eastward the oftener, & with more earnestness for it—Great God of Mercy! shorten the space betwixt us—Shorten the space of our miseries!

13th.—Could not get the Gen^l Post Office to take charge of my Letters to you—so gave thirty shillings to a Merchant to further them to Aleppo, & from thence to Bussorah—so you will receive em (I hope in god) safe by Christmas—Surely tis not impossible but I may be made as happy as my Eliza, by some transcript from her, by that time—If not I shall hope—& hope every week and every hour of it, for Tidings of comfort—we taste not of it *now* my dear Bramine—but we will make full meals upon it hereafter.—Cards from 7 or 8 of our Grandees to dine with them before I leave Town—shall go like a lamb to the slaughter—“*Man delights not me—nor Woman.*”

14.—a little better to day—& would look pert if my heart would but let me—dined wth L^d & Lady Bellasis.—so beset wth Company—not a moment to write.

15.—Undone with too much Society yesterday—You scarce can conceive, my dear Eliza, what a poor Soul I am—how I shall be got down to Coxwould heaven knows—for I am as weak as a child—You would not like me the worse for it Eliza, if you was here—My friends

like me the more,—& swear I shew more true fortitude & evenness of temper in my sufferings than Seneca or Socrates—I am, my Bramin, resigned.

16.—Taken up all day with worldly matters, just as my Eliza was the week before her departure—breakfasted with Lady Spencer—caught her with the Character of y^r Portrait—caught her passions still more with that of y^rself & my attachment to the most amiable of Beings—drove at night to Ranelagh—staid an hour—returned to my lodgings dissatisfied.

17.—At Court—every thing in this world seems in masquerade, but thee dear Woman—and therefore I am sick of all the world but thee—one Evening *so spent as the Saturday's w^{ch} preceded our separation—would sicken all the conversation of all the world—I relish no converse since—*when will the like return?—tis hidden from us both for the wisest ends—And the hour will come my Eliza! when we shall be convinced that every event has been ordered for the best of us—Our fruit is not ripen'd—the accidents of times & Seasons will ripen every Thing *Together* for Us—a little better today—or could not have wrote this. dear Bramine rest thy Sweet Soul in peace!

18.—Laid sleepless all the night with thinking of the many dangers & sufferings, my dear Girl! that thou art exposed to—from thy Voiage & thy sad state of health—but I find I must think no more upon them—I have rose wan & trembling with the Havock they have made upon my nerves—tis death to me to apprehend for you—I must flatter my Imagination, That every Thing goes well with you—Surely no evil can have befallen you—for if it had

—I had felt some monitory sympathetic shock within me w^{ch} would have spoke like Revelation.—So farewell to all tormenting *may be's* in regard to my Eliza—she is well—she thinks of her Yorick wth as much affection and true esteem as ever—and values him as much above the world as he values his Bramine——

19.—Packing up, or rather Molly for me, the whole day—tormenting! had not Molly all the time talked of poor M^{rs} Draper & recounted every Visit she had made me, and every repast she had shared with me—how good a Lady—How sweet a temper!—how beautiful!—how genteel!—how gentle a carriage—& how soft & engaging a look!—the poor girl is bewitched with us both—infinitely interested in our story, tho' she knows nothing of it but from her penetration & conjectures—She says however 'tis impossible not to be in love with her—In heart felt truth, Eliza! I'm of Molly's opinion——

20.—Taking Leave of all the Town, before my departure to morrow.

21.—detained by Lord & Lady Spencer who had made a party to dine & sup on my Acc^t. Impatient to set out for my Solitude—there the mind, Eliza! gains strength & learns to lean upon herself,—and seeks refuge in its own Constancy & Virtue—in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive—& bring the mind back to where mine is retreating—that is, Eliza! to itself—to thee (who art my second self)—to retirement, reflection and Books—when the stream of

things dear Bramine, Brings us both together to this Haven—will not your heart take up its rest for ever? & will not y^r head Leave the world to those who can make a better thing of it—if there are any who know how.—Heaven take thee Eliza! under its wing—adieu! adieu!——

22nd.—Left Bond Street & London wth it, this morning.—What a Creature I am! my heart has ached this week to get away—& still was ready to bleed in quitting a Place where my connection with my dear dear Eliza began—Adieu to it! till I am summoned up to the Downs by a message to fly to her—for I think I shall not be able to support Town without you—& w^d. chuse rather to sit solitary here till the End of the next Summer—to be made happy altogether,—than seek for happiness—or even suppose I can have it, but in Eliza's Society.

23rd.—Bear my Journey badly—ill—& dispirited all the way—staid two days on the road at the A-Bishops of Yorks—shew'd his Grace & his Lady and Sister y^r portrait—wth a short but interesting story of my friendship for the Original.—kindly nursed and honored both—arrived at my thatched Cottage the 28th of May.


29th & 30th.—confined to my bed—so emaciated, and unlike what I was, I could scarce be angry with thee Eliza, if thou shouldst not remember me, did heaven send me across thy way—Alas! poor Yorick!—*remember thee! Pale Ghost!*—*remember thee—whilst Memory holds a seat in this distracted world*—Remember thee—Yes, from the Table of her Memory, shall just Eliza wipe away all trivial men—& leave a throne for Yorick—adieu

dear constant Girl—adieu—adieu—& Remember my Truth and eternal fidelity—Remember how I Love—remember what I suffer.—Thou art mine Eliza by Purchase—had I not earned thee with a better price.—

31.—Going this day upon a long course of corrosive Mercury—w^{ch} in itself is deadly poyson, but given in a certain preparation, not very dangerous—I was forced to give it up in Town, from the terrible Cholicks both in Stomach & Bowels—but the Faculty thrust it down my Throat again—These Gentry have got it into their Noddles That mine is an *Ecclesiastick Rb[eum?]* as the french call it—god help em! I submit as my Uncle Toby did, in drinking Water, upon the wound he rec^d in his Groin—*merely for quietness sake.*

June 1.—The Faculty, my dear Eliza! have mistaken my Case—why not Y^{rs}? I wish I could fly to you & attend you but one month as a Physician—you'l Languish & dye where you are,—(if not by the climate)—most certainly by their *Ignorance of y^r Case*, & the unskilful Treatment you must be a martyr to in such a place as Bombay—I'm Languishing here myself with every Aid & help—& tho I shall conquer it—yet have had a cruel struggle—w^d my dear friend I could ease y^{rs}, either by my Advice—my attention—my Labour—my purse—They are all at y^r Service, such as they are—and that you know, Eliza—or my friendship for you is not worth a rush.

June 2^d.—This morning surprized with a Letter from my Lydia—that She & her Mama are coming to pay me a Visit—but on Condition I promise not to detain them in England beyond next April—when they purpose, by

my Consent, to retire into France & establish themselves for Life—To all which I have freely given my parole of Honour—& so shall have them with me for the Summer—from Oct^r to April—they take lodgings in York—When they leave me for good & all I suppose. — —
 —Every thing for the best! Eliza.

This unexpected visit is neither a visit of friendship or form—but tis a visit such as I know you will never make me,—of pure Interest—to pillage what they can from me. In the first place to sell a small estate I have of sixty p^{ds} a year—& lay out the purchase money in joint annuities for them in the french Funds; by this they will obtain 200 p^{ds} a year, to be continued to the longer Liver—and as it rids me of all future care, and moreover transfers their Income to the Kingdom where they purpose to live—I'm truly acquiescent—tho I lose the contingency of surviving them—but tis no matter—I shall have enough—& a hundred or two hundred Pounds for Eliza whenever she will honour me with putting her hand into my Purse — — In the mean time I am not sorry for this Visit, as every Thing will be finally settled between us by it—only as their Annuity will be too strait—I shall engage to remit them a 100 Guineas a year more, during my Wife's Life—& then I will think Eliza, of living for myself & the Being I love as much.—But I shall be pilaged in a hundred small Items by them—w^{ch} I have a Spirit above saying No—to; as Provisions of all sorts of Linnens—for house use—body use—printed Linnens for Gowns—Magazeens of Teas—Plate, (all I have but 6 silver spoons)—In short I shall be plucked bare—all but of y^r Portrait & snuff Box & y^r other dear Presents—& the neat furniture of my thatch'd Palace—& upon these I set up Stock again, Eliza. What say you, Eliza!

shall we join our *little Capitals together?*—will M^r Draper give us leave?—he may safely—if your *Virtue* & Honour are only concerned, 'twould be safe in Yorick's hands as in a Brother's—I w^d not wish M^r Draper to allow you above half I allow M^{rs} Sterne—Our Capital would be too great, & tempt us from the Society of poor Cordelia—who begins to wish for you.

By this time I trust you have doubled the Cape of good hope—sat down to y^r writing Drawer, & looked in Yorick's face, as you took out y^r Journal to tell him so—I hope he seems to smile as kindly upon you Eliza, as ever—y^r attachment & Love for me, will make him do so to eternity—if ever he sh^d change his Air, Eliza!—I charge you catechize your own Heart—Oh! twil never happen!——

June 3^d.—Cannot write my Travels, or give one half hours close attention to them, upon Thy Acc^t my dearest friend—Yet write I must, & what to do with you whilst I write—I declare I know not—I want to have you ever before my Imagination—& cannot keep you out of my heart or head—In short thou enterst my Library Eliza! (as thou one day shalt) without tapping—or sending for—by thy own Right of ever being close to thy Bramine—now I must shut you out sometimes—or meet you Eliza! with an empty purse upon the Beach—pity my entanglements from other passions—my Wife with me every moment of the Summer—think w^t restraint upon a Fancy that should sport & be in all points at its ease—O had I my dear Bramine this Summer, to soften—& modulate my feelings—to enrich my Fancy & fill my heart brim full with bounty—my book w^d Be worth the reading——

It will be by stealth if I am able to go on with my Journal at all—It will have many Interruptions—& Heyho's most sentimentally uttered—Thou must take it as it pleases God.—as thou must take the Writer—eternal blessings be about you Eliza! I am a little better, & now find I shall be set right in all points—my only anxiety is about you—I want to prescribe for you my Eliza—for I think I understand y^r *Case* better than the Faculty. adieu—adieu.

June 4.—Hussy!—I have employed a full hour upon y^r sweet sentimental Picture—and a couple of hours upon yourself—& with as much kind friendship as the hour You left me.—I deny it—Time lessens no affections w^{ch} Honour & merit have planted—I w^d give more, and hazard more now for your happiness than in any one period since I first learn'd to esteem you—is it so with theemy friend? has absence weaken'd my Interest?—has time worn out any Impression—or is Yorick's name less musical in Eliza's ears?—my heart smites me for asking the question—tis Treason agst thee, Eliza, and Truth—Ye are dear Sisters, and y^r Brother Bramin can never live to see a separation amongst us.—What a similitude in our Trials whilst asunder!—Providence has ordered every step better than we could have ordered them, for the particular good we wish each other—This you will comment upon & find the sense of without my explanation.

I wish this Summer & Winter wth all I am to go through with in them, in business & Labour & Sorrow, well over—I have much to compose—& much to discompose me—have my Wife's projects & my own views arising out of them, to harmonize and turn to account—I

have Millions of heart aches to suffer & reason with—and in all this Storm of Passions I have but one small anchor, Eliza! to keep this weak vessel of mine from perishing—I trust all I have to it—as I trust Heaven, which cannot leave me, without a fault, to perish.—may the same just Heaven my Eliza, be that eternal canopy w^{ch} shall shelter thy head from evil till we meet—Adieu—adieu—adieu.

June 5.—I sit down to write this day in good earnest—so read Eliza! quietly besides me—I'll not give you a look—except one of kindness—dear Girl! if thou lookest so bewitching once more—I'll turn thee out of my Study—You may bid me defiance, Eliza—You cannot conceive how much & how universally I'm pitied, upon the score of this unexpected visit from France—my friends think it will kill me—If I find myself in danger I'll fly to you to Bombay—will M^r Draper receive me?—he ought—but he will never know what reasons make it his *Interest* and *Duty*—We must leave all all to that Being who is infinitely removed above all straitness of heart—and is a friend to the friendly, as well as to the friendless.

June 6.—am quite alone in the depth of that sweet Recess I have so often described to you—tis sweet in itself—but You never come across me—but the perspective brightens up—and every Tree & Hill & Vale & Ruin abt me smiles as if you was amidst 'em—delusive moments!—how pensive a price do I pay for you—fancy sustains the Vision whilst she has strength—but Eliza! Eliza is not with me!—I sit down upon the first Hillock solitary as a sequestered Bramin—I wake from my delusion to a thousand inquietudes, which many talk of—my Eliza!

—but few feel—then weary my Spirit with thinking, plotting & projecting—& when I've brought my System to my mind—am only Doubly miserable That I cannot execute it—

Thus my dear Bramine are we tost at present in this Tempest—Some Haven of rest will open to us assuredly—God made us not for Misery & Ruin—he has ordered all our steps—& influenced our attachments for what is worthy of Them—It must end well.—Eliza!——

June 7.—I have this week finished a sweet little apartment, which all the time it was doing, I flattered the most delicious of ideas in thinking I was making it for you—Tis a neat little simple elegant room, overlooked only by the Sun—just big enough to hold a Sopha—for us—*[long erasure]* a Table, four Chairs, a Bureau & a Book case.—They are to be all y^r, Room & all—& there Eliza! shall I enter ten times a day to give thee Testimonies of my devotion—waſt thou this moment sat down, it w^d be the sweetest of earthly Tabernacles—I shall enrich it from time to time for thee—till Fate lets me lead thee by the hand into it—& then it can want no Ornament.—tis a little oblong room with a large Sash at the end—a little elegant fireplace—wth as much room to dine around it as in Bond Street—But in sweetness & Simplicity, & silence beyond anything—Oh my Eliza!—I shall see thee surely Goddess of this Temple—& the most sovereign one of all I have—& of all the powers heaven has trusted me with—They were lent me Eliza! only for thee—& for thee my dear Girl shall be kept & employed.—You know *what rights* You have over me—wish to heaven I could convey the Grant more amply than I have *done*—but tis the same—tis registered where

it will longest last—& that is in the most feeling & most sincere of human hearts—You know I mean this reciprocally—& whenever I mention the Word Fidelity & Truth in Speaking of y^r reliance on mine, I always imply the same Reliance upon the same Virtues in my Eliza.—I love thee Eliza! & will love thee for ever. Adieu.—

June 8.—Begin to recover and sensibly to gain strength every day—& have such an appetite as I have not had for some years—I prophecy I shall be the better for the very Accident which has occasioned my Illness—& that the Medicines and Regimen I have submitted to will make a thorough Regeneration of me, & that I shall have more health and strength than I have enjoy'd these ten years.—Send me such an Acc^t of thyself Eliza, by the first sweet Gale—but tis impossible you sh^d from Bombay—'twil be as fatal to You as it has been to thousands of y^r Sex—England & Retirement in it, can only save you—Come!—Come away—

June 9th.—I keep a post chaise & a couple of fine horses, & take the Air every day in it—I go out—& return to my Cottage Eliza! alone—tis melancholly, what sh^d be matter of enjoyment; & the more so for that reason — — I have a thousand things to remark & say as I roll along—but I want You to say them to—I could sometimes be wise—& often witty—but I feel it a reproach to be the latter whilst Eliza is so far from hearing me—& what is wisdom to a foolish weak heart like mine! 'Tis like the Song of Melody to a broken Spirit—You must teach me fortitude my dear Bramine—for with all the tender qualities w^{ch} make you the most precious of Women—& most wanting of all other Women of a kind

Protector—yet you have a passive kind of sweet courage w^{ch} bears you up—more than any one Virtue I can summon up in my own Case—We were made with Tempers for each other, Eliza! & you are blessed with such a certain turn of mind & reflection—that if self love does not blind me—I resemble no Being in the world so nearly as I do you—do you wonder then I have such friendship for you?—for my own part I sh^d not be astonished Eliza, if you was to declare “You was up to the ears in Love with me.”

June 10th.—You are stretching over now in the Trade Winds from the Cape to Madrass—(I hope)—but I know it not. some friendly ship you possibly have met wth, & I never read an acc^t of an India Man arrived—but I expect that it is the Messenger of the news my heart is upon the rack for.—I calculate That you will arrive at Bombay by the begining of October—by February I shall surely hear from you thence—but from Madrass sooner—I expect you Eliza in person, by September & shall scarce go to London till March—for what have I to do there, when (except printing my Books) I have no Interest or Passion to gratify—I shall return in June to Coxwould—& there wait for the glad Tidings of y^r arrival in the Downs—wont you write to me Eliza! by the first Boat? would not you wish to be greeted by y^r Yorick upon the Beach?—or be met by him to hand you out of y^r post chaise, to pay him for the Anguish he underwent in handing you into it?—I know your answers—my Spirit is with you.—Farewel dear friend—

June 11.—I am every day negotiating to sell my little Estate besides me—to send the money into France to

purchase peace to myself—& a certainty of never having it interrupted by M^{rs} Sterne—who when she is sensible I have given her all I can part with—will be at rest herself—Indeed her plan to purchase Annuities in France—is a pledge of Security to me—That she will live her days out there—otherwise she could have no end in transporting this two thousand pounds out of England—nor w^d I consent but upon that plan—but I may be at rest!—if my Imagination will but let me—Hall says tis no matter where she lives; if we are but separate, tis as good as if the Ocean rolled between us—& so I should argue to another Man—but tis an Idea w^{ch} wont do so well for me—& tho nonsensical enough—Yet I shall be most at rest when there is that Bar between us—was I never so sure, I sh^d never be interrupted by her in England—but I may be at rest I say on that head—for they have left all their cloaths & plate & Linnen behind them in france—& have joined in the most earnest Entreaty That they may return & fix in france—to w^{ch} I have give my word & honour—You will be bound with me Eliza! I hope, for performance of my promise—I never yet broke it in Cases where Interest or pleasure could have tempted me—and shall hardly do it [$1\frac{1}{2}$ lines erased] now, when tempted only by misery.—In Truth Eliza! thou art the object to wh^{ch} every act of mine is directed—You interfere in every Project—I rise—I go to sleep with this in my brain—how will my dear Bramine approve of this?—w^{ch} way will it conduce to make her happy? & how will it be a proof of my affection to her? are all the enquiries I make.—Y^r Honour, y^r Conduct, y^r Truth & regard for my esteem—I know will equally direct every step—& movement of your desires—& with that Assurance is it my dear Girl, That I sustain Life—But when will those

sweet eyes of thine run over these Declarations?—how—& with whom are they to be entrusted; to be conveyed to you?—Unless M^{rs} James's friendship to us finds some expedient—I must wait—till the first evening I'm with You—when I shall present you wth them as a better Picture of me than Cosway could do for you . . .—have been dismally ill all day—owing to my course of Medicines w^{ch} are too strong & forcing for this gawsy constitution of mine.—I mend with them however—good God! how is it with you? — —

June 12.—I have returned from a delicious walk of Romance, my Bramine, which I am to tread a thousand times over with You swinging upon my arm—'tis to my Convent—& I have plucked up a score Bryars by the roots w^{ch} grew near the edge of the foot way, that they might not scratch or incommode you—had I been sure of y^r taking that walk with me the very next day I could not have been more serious in my employm^t—dear Enthusiasm!—thou bringest things forward in a moment w^{ch} Time keeps for ages back—I have you ten times a day besides me—I talk to you Eliza for hours together—I take y^r Council—I hear your reasons—I admire you for them!—to this Magic of a warm Mind I owe all that's worth living for during this state of our Trial—Every Trincket you gave or exchanged wth me has its force—y^r Picture is Y^rself—all Sentiment Softness, & Truth—It speaks—it listens—'tis convinced—it resignes—Dearest Original! how like unto thee does it seem—& will seem—till thou makest it vanish by thy presence—I'm but so, so—but advancing in health—to meet you—to nurse you—to nourish you agst you come.—for I fear You will not arrive, but in a state that calls out

to Yorick for support—Thou art Mistress, Eliza of all the powers he has to sooth & protect thee—for thou art Mistress of his heart, his affections, and his reason,—& beyond that, except a paltry purse, he has nothing worth giving thee——

June 13.—This has been a year of presents to me, my Bramine—How many presents have I rec^d from you in the first place?—L^d Spencer has loaded me with a grand Escritoire of 40 Guineas—and I am to receive this week a fourty Guinea present of a gold Snuff Box, as fine as Paris can fabricate one—with an Inscription on it more valuable than the Box itself—I have a present of a Portrait (which by the by, I have immortalized in my Sentimental Journey) worth them both—I say nothing of a gold Stock buccle & buttons—tho' I rate them above rubies, because they were consecrated by the hand of Friendship, as she fitted them to me.—I have a present of the Sculptures upon poor Ovid's tomb, who died in exile tho' he wrote so well upon the Art of Love—These are in six beautiful Pictures executed on Marble at Rome—& these, Eliza, I keep sacred as Ornaments for y^r Cabinet, on condition I hang them up.—And last of all, I have had a present Eliza! this year of a Heart so finely set—with such rich materials—& Workmanship—that Nature must have had the chief hand in it—If I am able to keep it—I shall be a rich Man—If I lose it—I shall be poor indeed—so poor! I shall stand begging at y^r gates.—But what can all these presents portend—That it will turn out a fortunate earnest of what is to be given me hereafter——

June 14.—I want you to comfort me, my dear Bra-

mine—& reconcile my mind to 3 months misery—some days I think lightly of it—on others—my heart sinks down to the earth—but tis the last Trial of conjugal Misery—& I wish it was to begin this moment That it might run its period the faster—for sitting as I do, expecting sorrow—is suffering it—I am going to Hall to be philosophzd with for a week or ten days on this point—but one hour with you would calm me more & furnish me with stronger supports under this weight upon my Spirits, than all the world put together—Heaven! to what distressful Encountres hast thou thought fit to expose me—& was it not that thou hast blessed me with a chearfulness of disposition—& thrown an object in my Way That is to render that Sun Shine perpetual—Thy dealings with me would be a mystery.—

June 15.—From morning to night every mom^t of this day held in Bondage at my friend L^d ffauconberg's—so have but a moment left to close the day, as I do every one—with wishing thee a sweet night's rest—would I was at the feet of y^r bed—fanning breezes to you in y^r slumbers—Mark!—you will dream of me this night—& if it is not recorded in your Journal—I'll say, you could not recollect it the day following—adieu.—

June 16.—My chaise is so large—so high—so long—so wide—so Crawford's like, that I am building a coach house on purpose for it—do you dislike it for this gigantick size?—now I remember, I heard you once say—You hated a small post chaise—w^{ch} you must know determined my Choice to this—because I hope to make you a present of it—& if you are squeamish I shall be as squeamish as You & return You all y^r presents—but one

—w^{ch} I cannot part with—and what that is—I defy you to guess. I have bought a milch Asse this afternoon—& purpose to live by Suction to save the expences of hous keeping—& have a score or two guineas in my purse next September — —

June 17.—I have brought y^r name *Eliza!* and Picture into my work—where they will remain, when you & I are at rest for ever—Some Annotator or explainer of my works in this place will take occasion to speak of the Friendship w^{ch} subsisted so long & faithfully betwixt Yorick & the Lady he speaks of—Her Name he will tell the world was Draper—a Native of India—married there to a gentleman in the India service of that Name, who brought her over to England for the recovery of her health in the year 65—where she continued to April the year 1767. It was ab^t three months before her return to India That our Author's acquaintance & hers begun.—M^{rs} Draper had a great thirst for knowledge—was handsome—genteel—engaging—and of such gentle dispositions & so enlightened an understanding—That Yorick (whether he made much opposition is not known) from an acquaintance—soon became her Admirer—they caught fire at each other at the same time—& they w^d often say, without reserve to the world, & without any idea of saying wrong in it, That their affections for each other were *unbounded* [*one line erased*]
—M^r Draper dying in the year—This lady returned to England—& Yorick the year after becoming a Widower—They were married—& retiring to one of his Livings in Yorkshire where was a most romantic Situation—they lived & died happily—and are spoke of with honour in the parish to this day——

June 18.—How do you like the History of this couple, Eliza?—is it to your mind?—or shall it be written better some sentimental evening after your return—tis a rough sketch—but I could make it a pretty Picture, as the outlines are just—we'll put our heads together & try what we can do. This last sheet has put it out of my power ever to send you this Journal to India—I had been more guarded—but that you have often told me 'twas in vain to think of writing by ships w^{ch} sail in March,—as you hoped to be upon y^r return again by their arrival at Bombay.—If I can write a letter—I will—but this Journal must be put into Eliza's hands by Yorick only—God grant you to read it soon.—

June 19.—I never was so well & alert as I find myself this day—tho' with a face as pale & clear as a Lady after her Lying in, Yet you never saw me so young by 5 years —If you do not leave Bombay soon—you'l find me as young as Y^rself—at this rate of going on — — Summoned from home. adieu.

June 20.—I think, my dear Bramine, that nature is turned upside down—for Wives go to visit Husbands at greater perils, & take longer journies to pay them this civility now a days out of ill will—than good. Mine is flying post a Journey of a thousand miles—with as many miles to go back—merely to see how I do, & whether I am fat or lean—& how far are you going to see your Helpmate—and at such hazards to Y^r Life, as few Wives' best affections w^d be able to surmount—But Duty & Submission, Eliza, govern thee—by what impulses my Rib is bent towards me—I have told you—& yet I w^d to God, Draper but rec^d & treated you with half

the courtesy & good nature—I wish you was with him—for the same reason I wish my Wife at Coxwould—That she might the sooner depart in peace—She is ill—of a Diarhea which she had from a weakness in her bowels ever since her paralytic Stroke—Travelling post in hot weather is not the best remedy for her—but my girl says—she is determined to venture—She wrote me word in Winter she w^d not leave france till her end approached—surely this journey is not prophetick! but 'twould invert the order of things on the other side of this Leaf—and what is to be on the next *Leaf*—The Fates, Eliza, only can tell us—rest satisfied.

June 21.—have left off all medicines—not caring to tear my frame to pieces with 'em—as I feel perfectly well—set out for Crasy Castle to morrow morning—where I stay ten days—take my sentimental voyage—and this Journal with me, as certain as the two first wheels of my Chariot—I cannot go on without them—I long to see Y^r—I shall read it a thousand times over If I get it before your arrival—What w^d I now give for it—tho' I know there are *circumstances* in it that will make my heart bleed & waste within me—but if all blows over—tis enough—we will not recount our sorrows but to shed tears of Joy over them—O Eliza! Eliza!—Heaven nor any Being it created never so possess'd a Man's heart—as thou possessest mine—use it kindly—Hussy—that is, eternally be true to it.—

June 22.—I've been as far as York to day with no Soul with me in my Chaise, but y^r Picture—for it has a *Soul* I think—or something like one which has talked to me & been the best Company I ever took a Journey with (al-

ways excepting a Journey I once took with a friend of y^r to Salt Hill, & Enfield Wash—The pleasure I had in those Journeys have left *Impressions* upon my Mind which will last my Life—You may tell her as much when you see her—she will not take it ill)—I set out early to morrow morning to see M^r Hall—but take my Journal along with me.

June 24th.—As pleasant a Journey as I am capable of taking Eliza! without thee—Thou shalt take it with me when time & tide serve hereafter, & every other Journey w^{ch} ever gave me pleasure shall be rolled over again with thee besides me.—Arno's Vale shall look gay again upon Eliza's visit—& the Companion of her Journey will grow young again as he sits upon her Banks with Eliza seated besides him. I have this and a thousand little parties of pleasure—& systems of living out of the common high road of Life, hourly working in my Fancy for you—there wants only the *Dramatis Personæ* for the performance—the play is wrote—the scenes are painted—& the curtain ready to be drawn up:—the whole Piece waits for thee my Eliza——

June 25.—In a course of continual visits & Invitations here—Bombay Lascelles dined here to day—(his Wife yesterday brought to bed)—(he is a poor sorry soul! but has taken a house two miles from Crasy Castle)—What a stupid, selfish, unsentimental set of Beings are the bulk of our Sex! by Heaven! not one man out of 50 informed with feelings—or endow'd either with heads or hearts able to possess & fill the mind of such a Being as thee with one vibration like its own—I never see or converse with one of my Sex—but I give this point a reflec-

tion—how w^d such a creature please my Bramine? I assure thee, Eliza, I have not been able to find one whom I thought could please You—the turn of Sentiment with w^{ch} I left y^r Character possess'd—must improve hourly upon You—Truth, fidelity, honour & Love, mixed up with Delicacy, garrantee one another—& a taste so improved as Y^{rs}, by so delicious fare, can never degenerate—I shall find you my Bramine, if possible more valuable & lovely than when you first caught my esteem & Kindness for You—and tho' I see not this change—I give you so much credit for it—that at this moment my heart glows more warmly as I think of you—& I find myself more your Husband than Contracts can make us—I stay here till the 29th—had intended a longer stay—but much Company & Dissipation rob me of the only comfort my mind takes, w^{ch} is in retirement where I can think of you Eliza! and enjoy you quietly & without interruption—tis the way we must expect all that is to be had of *real* enjoyment in this vile world—which being miserable itself—seems so confederated agst the happiness of the Happy that they are forced to secure it in private—Variety must still be had;—& that, Eliza! & every thing wth it w^{ch} Yorick's sense or generosity has to furnish to one he loves so much as thee—need I tell thee—Thou wilt be as much a Mistress of—as thou art eternally of thy Yorick—adieu. adieu.——

June 26.—eleven at night—out all the day—dined with a large Party—shew'd y^r Picture from the fullness of my heart—highly admired—Alas! said I, did you but see the Original!—good night.——

June 27.—Ten in the morning, with my Snuff open at

the top of this sheet,—& your gentle sweet face opposite to mine, & saying “what I write will be cordially read”—possibly you may be precisely engaged at this very hour the same way—and telling me some interesting Story ab^t y^r health, y^r sufferings—y^r heart aches—and other sensations w^{ch} friendship, absence and uncertainty create within you. for my own part my dear Eliza, I am a prey to every thing in its turn—& was it not for that sweet clew of hope w^{ch} is perpetual opening me a way which is to lead me to thee thro’ all this Labyrinth—was it not for this, my Eliza! how could I find rest for this bewildered heart of mine?—I sh^d wait for you till September came—and if you did not arrive with it—sh^d sicken & die.—but I will live for thee—so count me Immortal—3 India Men arrived within ten days—will none of em bring me Tidings of You?—but I am foolish—but ever thine—my dear, dear Bramine.—

June 28.—O what a tormenting night have my dreams led me a^{bt} you, Eliza—M^{rs} Draper a Widow!—with a hand at Liberty to give! and gave it to another! She told me I must acquiesce it could not be otherwise. Acquiesce! cried I waking in agonies—God be praised cried I, tis a dream—fell asleep after—dream’d You was married to the Captain of the Ship—I waked in a fever—but twas the Fever in my blood which brought on this painful chain of Ideas—for I am ill to day—& for want of more cheary Ideas I torment my Eliza with these—whose Sensibility will suffer if Yorick could dream but of her Infidelity! & I suffer, Eliza, in my turn & think myself at pres^t little better than an old Woman or a Dreamer of Dreams in the Scripture language.

I am going to ride myself into better health & better

fancies with Hall, whose Castle lyes near the Sea. We have a Beach as even as a mirrour of 5 miles in length before it, where we dayly run races in our Chaises, with one wheel in the sea & the other on the sand—O Eliza wth w^t fresh ardour & impatience when I'm viewing this element do I sigh for thy return—But I need no *mementos* of my Destitution & misery for want of thee—I carry them ab^t me, & shall not lay them down (for I worship & Idolize these tender sorrows) till I meet thee upon the Beach & present the handkerchiefs stained with blood w^{ch} broke out from my heart upon y^r departure—This token of what I felt at that crisis, Eliza, shall never, never be washed out. Adieu my dear Wife—you are still mine—notwithstanding all the Dreams & Dreamers in the world.—M^{rs} Lascelles dined wth us—[Mem^d?] I have to tell you a conversation—I will not write it——

June 29.—am got home from Hall's—to Coxwould—O tis a delicious retreat! both from its beauty & air of Solitude, & so sweetly does every thing ab^t it invite y^r mind to rest from its labours and be at peace with itself & the world—That tis the only place Eliza I could live in at this juncture—I hope one day You will like it as much as y^r Bramine—It shall be decorated & made more worthy of you by the time Fate encourages me to look for you—I have made you a sweet Sitting-room (as I told you) already—& am projecting a good bed-chamber adjoining it, with a pretty Dressing-room for You which connects them together—& when they are finished will be as sweet a set of romantic apartments, as you ever beheld—the sleeping room will be very large—The dressing room thro w^{ch} you pass into y^r Temple will be little—but big enough to hold a Dressing Table, a couple of chairs,

with room for y^r Nymph to stand at her ease both behind and on either side of you—wth spare room to hang a dozen petticoats, gowns, &c.—& shelves for as many Bandboxes—Y^r little Temple I have described—& what it will hold—but if it ever holds You & I, my Eliza—the room will not be too little for us—but we shall be *too big* for the Room.—

June 30.—Tis now a quarter of a year (wanting 3 days) since You sail'd from the Downs—in one month more you will be (I trust) at Madras—& there you will stay I suppose 2 long long months before you set out for Bombay. Tis there I shall want to hear from you, most impatiently—because the most interesting letters must come from my Eliza when she is there—at present I can hear of y^r health, & tho' that of all Acc^{ts} affects me most—yet still I have hopes taking their rise from that—& those are—what Impression you can make upon M^r Draper towards setting you at Liberty—& leaving you to pursue the best measures for y^r preservation—and these are points I w^d go to Aleppo to know certainly: I have been possessed all day & night with an opinion That Draper will change his behaviour totally towards you—That he will grow friendly & caressing—and as he knows y^r Nature is easily to be won with gentleness, he will practice it to turn you from y^r purpose of quitting him—In short when it comes to the point of y^r going from him to England—it will have so much the face if not the reality of an alienation on y^r side from India for ever, as a place you cannot live at—that he will part with you by no means he can prevent—You will be cajoled, my dear Eliza, thus out of y^r Life—but what serves it to write this, unless means can be found for You to read it—If you

come not I will take the safest cautions I can to have it got to you—& risk everything rather than you should not know how much I think of you.—& how much stronger hold you have got of me than ever.—Dillon has obtained his fair Indian—& has this post wrote a kind Letter of enquiry after Yorick & his Bramine—he is a good soul—& interests himself much in our fate—I have wrote him a whole sheet of paper ab^t us—it ought to have been copied into this Journal—but the uncertainty of y^r ever reading it makes me omit that with a thousand other things, which when we meet shall beguile us of many a long winter's night.—*those precious Nights!*—my Eliza!—You rate them as high as I do—& look back upon the manner the hours glided over our heads in them, with the same Interest & Delight as the Man you *spent them with*—They are all that remains to us except the *Expectation* of their return—the space between is a dismal void—full of doubts, & suspence—Heaven & its kindest Spirits, my dear, rest over y^r thoughts by day & free them from all disturbance at night—adieu, adieu, Eliza?—I have got over this month, so farewell to it & the sorrows it has brought with it—the next month I prophecy will be worse.——

July 1.——But who can foretell what a month may produce—Eliza—I have no less than seven different chances—not one of w^{ch} is improbable—& any one of w^{ch} would set me much at Liberty—& some of em render me compleatly happy—as they w^d facilitate & open the road to thee—what these chances are I leave thee to conjecture, my Eliza,—some of them you cannot divine—tho' I once hinted them to you—but these are pecuniary chances arising out of my Prebend—& so not likely

to stick in thy brain—nor could they occupy mine a moment but on thy acc^t. . . . I hope before I meet thee Eliza, on the Beach, to have every thing planned; that depends on me properly—& for what depends on him who orders every Event for us, to him I leave & trust it—We shall be happy at last I know—tis the corner stone of all my Castles—& tis all I bargain for. I am perfectly recovered—or more than recovered—for never did I feel such Indications of health or strength & promptness of mind—notwithstanding the cloud hanging over me of a Visit—& all its tormenting consequences—Hall has wrote an affecting little poem upon it—the next time I see him I will get it & transcribe it in this Journal for you. . . . He has persuaded me to trust her with no more than fifteen hundred pounds into france—'twil purchase 150 p^{ds} a year—& to let the rest come annually from myself. the advice is wise enough, If I can get her off with it—I'll summon up the Husband a little (if I can) & keep the 500 p^{ds} remaining for emergencies.—who knows Eliza, what sort of Emergencies may cry out for it—I conceive some—& you Eliza are not backward in conception—so may conceive others. *I wish I was in Arno's Vale!*

July 2nd.——But I am in the Vale of Coxwould & wish you saw in how princely a manner I live in it—tis a Land of Plenty—I sit down alone to Venison, fish or wild fowl, or a couple of fowls—with curds & strawberrys & cream and all the simple clean plenty w^{ch} a rich vally can produce—with a Bottle of wine on my right hand (as in Bond Street) to drink y^r health—I have a hundred hens & chickens ab^t my yard—& not a parishoner catches a hare a rabbit or a trout but he brings it as an offering—In short tis a golden vally—& will be the golden age

when you govern the rural feast my Bramine, & are the Mistress of my table, & spread it with elegance and that natural grace & bounty wth w^{ch} heaven has distinguished You. . . . Time goes on slowly—every thing stands still—hours seem days & days seem years whilst you lengthen the distance between us—from Madras to Bombay—I shall think it shortening—and then desire & expectation will be upon the rack again—Come—Come—

July 3^d.—Hail! Hail! my dear Eliza—I steal something every day from my sentimental Journey—to obey a more sentimental impulse in writing to you—& giving you the present Picture of myself—my wishes—my Love—my Sincerity—my hopes—my fears. Tell me, have I varied in any one Lineament from the first sitting—to this last—have I been less warm—less tender & affectionate than you expected or could have wished me in any one of em—or however varied in the expressions of what I was & what I felt, have I not still presented the same Air and face towards thee?—take it as a sample of what I ever shall be—My dear Bramine—& that is—such as my honour, my Engagements, & promises & desires, have fix'd me—I want you to be on the other side of my little table, to hear how sweetly y^r voice will be in unison to all this—I want to hear what you have to say to Y^r Yorick upon this text—what heavenly Consolation w^d drop from y^r lips—& how pathetically you w^d enforce y^r Truth & Love upon my heart to free it from every aching doubt—Doubt! did I say—but I have none—and as soon w^d I doubt the Scripture I have preached on—as question thy promises, or suppose one Thought in thy heart during thy absence from me, unworthy of my Eliza.—for if thou art false, my Bramine—the whole

world—and Nature itself are lyars—& I will trust to nothing on this side of heaven—but turn aside from all commerce with expectation, & go quietly on my way alone towards a state where no disappointments can follow me—you are grieved when I talk thus; it implies what does not exist in either of us—so cross it out if thou wilt—or leave it as a part of the Picture of a heart that *again* Languishes for Possession & is disturbed at every Idea of its uncertainty.—So heaven bless thee—& ballance thy passions better than I have power to regulate mine—farewel my dear Girl—I sit in dread of tomorrow's post which is to bring me an Acc^t when *Madame* is to arrive.—

July 4th.—Hear nothing of her—so am tortured from post to post, for I want to know certainly *the day & hour of this Judgment*. She is moreover ill, as my Lydia writes me word—& I'm impatient to know whether tis that or what other Cause detains her & keeps me in this vile state of Ignorance—I'm pitied by every Soul in proportion as her Character is detested—& her errand known—she is coming every one says, to flea poor Yorick or slay him—& I am spirited up by every friend I have to sell my Life dear & fight valiantly in defence both of my property & Life—Now my Maxim Eliza is quietly in three—Spare my Life & take all I have—If she is not content to decamp with that—One kingdome shall not hold us—for if she will not betake herself to France—I will, but these I verily(?) believe my fears & nothing more—for she will be as impatient to quit England as I could wish her—but of this, you will know more before I have gone thro' this months Journal.—I got 2000 pounds for my estate—that is I had the offer this morning of it—& think tis enough.—when that is gone—I

will begin saving for thee—but in saving myself for thee, That & every other kind act is implied.

—get on slowly with my work—but my head is too full of other matters—yet will I finish it before I see London—for I am of too scrupulous honour to break faith with the world—great Authors make no scruple of it—but if they are great Authors I'm sure they are little Men.—& I'm sure also of another point w^{ch} concerns Y^rself —& that is Eliza, that you shall never find me one hair breadth a less Man than you [$\frac{1}{2}$ line erased]—farewell—I love thee eternally.

July 5.—Two Letters from the South of France by this post, by which by some fatality, I find not one of my Letters have got to them this month—This gives me concern—because it has the aspect of an unseasonable unkindness in me—to take no notice of what has the appearance at least of a civility in desiring to pay me a Visit—my daughter besides has not deserved ill of me—& tho' her Mother has, I w^d not ungenerously take that opportunity which would most overwhelm her, to give any mark of my resentment—I have besides long since forgiven her—and am the more inclined now as she proposes a plan by which I shall never more be disquieted—in these 2 last she renews her request to have leave to live where she has transferr'd her fortune—and purposes, with my leave she says, to end her days in the South of France—to all which I have just been writing her a Letter of Consolation & good will—and to crown my professions intreat her to take post with my girl to be here time enough to enjoy York races—and so having done my duty to them—I continue writing, to do it to thee Eliza who art the *Woman of my heart*, & for whom I am ordering &

planning this & every Thing else—be assured my Bramine that ere every thing is ripe for our Drama I shall work hard to fit out & decorate a little Theatre for us to act on—but not before a crowded House—no, Eliza—it shall be as secluded as the Elysian fields—retirement is the nurse of Love and kindness—and I will Woo & caress thee in it in such sort that every thicket & grotto we pass by, shall solicit the remembrance of the mutual pledges We have exchanged of Affection with one another—Oh! these expectations make me sigh as I recite them—and many a heartfelt Interjection do they cost me as I saunter alone in the tracks we are to tread together hereafter—still I think thy heart is with me—and whilst I think so, I prefer it to all the Society this world can offer—and tis in truth my dear owing to this—That tho' I've rec^d half a dozen Letters to press me to join my friends at Scarborough—that I've found pretences not to quit You *here* and sacrifice the many sweet Occasions I have of giving my thoughts up to You—for Company I cannot relish *since I have tasted my dear Girl the sweets of thine.*——

July 6.—Three long months and three long days are passed & gone since my Eliza sighed on taking her Leave of Albion's Cliffs, & of all in Albion which was dear to her—How oft have I smarted at the Idea of that last longing look by w^{ch} thou badest adieu to all thy heart suffered at that dismal Crisis—'twas the Separation of Soul & Body—and equal to nothing but what passes on that tremendous moment, & like it in one consequence, that thou art in another World; where I w^d give a world, to follow thee, or hear even an Acc^t of thee—for this I shall write in a few days to our dear friend M^{rs} James—she possibly may have heard a single

syllable or two ab^t you—but it cannot be; the same must have been directed towards Yorick's ear, to whom you w^d have wrote the name of *Eliza*, had there been no time for more. I w^d almost now compound with Fate—& was I sure *Eliza* only breath'd—I w^d thank heaven & acquiesce. I kiss your Picture—your Shawl—& every trinket I exchanged with You—every day I live—alas! I shall soon be debarr'd of that—in a fortnight I must lock them up & clap my seal & Y^r upon them in the most secret Cabinet of my Bureau—You may divine the reason, *Eliza*! adieu—adieu!

July 7.——But not yet—for I will find means to write to you every night whilst my people are here—if I sit up till midnight, till they are asleep—I should not dare to face you if I was worse than my word in the smallest Item—and this Journal I promised you *Eliza* should be kept without a chasm of a day in it—and had I my time to myself & nothing to do but gratify my propensity, I s^hd write from sun rise to sun set to thee—But a Book to write—a Wife to receive & make Treaties with—an estate to sell—a Parish to superintend—and a disquieted heart perpetually to reason with, are eternal calls upon me—and yet I have you more in my mind than ever—and in proportion as I am thus torn from y^r embraces—I *cling the closer to the Idea of you*—Your Figure is ever before my eyes—the sound of your voice vibrates with its sweetest tones the live long day in my ear—I can see & hear nothing but my *Eliza*. remember this when you think my Journal too short, & compare it not with thine, which tho' it will exceed it in length can do no more than equal it in Love and truth of esteem—for esteem thee I do beyond all the powers of eloquence to tell thee how much—and I

love thee, my dear Girl, and prefer thy Love to me more than the whole world.

Night—Have not eat or drunk all day thro' vexation of heart at a couple of ungrateful unfeeling Letters from that Quarter, from whence, had it pleased God, I should have looked for all my Comforts—but he has will'd they should come from the East—& he knows how I am satisfiyed with all his Dispensations—but with none my dear Bramine so much as this—with w^{ch} Cordial upon my Spirits—I go to bed, in hopes of seeing thee in my Dreams.

July 8th.—eating my fowland my trouts & my cream & my strawberries, as melancholly as a Cat, for want of you—by the by, I have got one which sits quietly besides me purring all day to my sorrows—& looking up gravely from time to time in my face, as if she knew my Situation.—how soothable my heart is Eliza, when such little things sooth it! for in some pathetic sinkings I feel even some support from this poor Cat—I attend to her purrings, & think they harmonize me—they are *pianissimo* at least & do not disturb me.—poor Yorick! to be driven, wth all his sensibilities, to these ressources—all powerful Eliza, that has had this Magic^l authority over him to bend him thus to the dust—But I'll have my revenge, Hussy!

July 9.—I have been all day making a sweet Pavillion in a retired Corner of my garden—but my Partner & Companion & friend for whom I make it is fled from me, & when she returns to me again, Heaven who first brought us together, best knows—When that hour is foreknown what a Paradise will I plant for thee—till then I walk as Adam did whilst there was no help-meet found

for it, and could almost wish a deep sleep would come upon me till that Moment when I can say as he did "*Behold the Woman Thou has given me for Wife.*" She shall be called 'La Bramine.' Indeed, Indeed Eliza! my life will be little better than a dream, till we approach nearer to each other—I live scarce conscious of my existence—or as if I wanted a vital part & could not live above a few hours. & yet I live, & live, & live on, for thy sake & the sake of thy truth to me, which I measure by my own—and I fight agst every evil & every danger that I may be able to support & shelter thee from danger and evil also.—upon my word dear Girl, thou owest me much—but tis cruel to dun thee when thou art not in a condition to pay—I think Eliza has not run off in her Yorick's debt——

July 10.—I cannot suffer you to be longer upon the Water—in 10 days time you shall be at Madrass—the element rolls in my head as much as y^{rs}, & I am sick at the sight & smell of it—for all this my Eliza I feel in Imagination, & so strongly, I can bear it no longer—on the 20th therefore Ins^t I begin to write to you as a terrestrial Being—I must deceive myself—and think so I will, notwithstanding all that Lascelles has told me—but there is no truth in him.—I have just kissed y^r Picture—even that soothes many an anxiety—I have found out the Body is too little for the Head—it shall not be rectified, till I sit by the Original & direct the Painter's pencil. And that done, will take a scamper to *Enfield* & see y^r dear Children—if you tire by the way there are *one or two* places to rest at.—I never stand out. God bless thee. I am thine as *ever*.

July 11.—Sooth me—calm me—pour thy healing

balm Eliza into the sorest of hearts—I'm pierced with the Ingratitude & unquiet Spirit of a restless unreasonable Wife whom neither gentleness or generosity can conquer—She has now entered upon a new plan of waging War with me a thousand miles off—thrice a week this last month has the quietest man under heaven been outraged by her Letters—I have offered to give her every shilling I was worth except my preferment, to be let alone & left in peace by her—Bad Woman! nothing must now purchase this unless I borrow 400 p^d to give her & carry into France—I w^d perish first, my Eliza! ere I would give her a shilling of another man's, w^{ch} I must do if I give her a shill^g more than I am worth—How I now feel the want of thee, my dear Bramine—my generous unworldly honest creature—I shall die for want of thee for a thousand reasons—every emergency & every Sorrow each day brings along with it tells me what a Treasure I am bereft off—whilst I want thy friendship & Love to keep my head up from sinking—God's will be done. But I think she will send me to my grave—she will now keep me in torture till the end of Sept^r—& writes me word to day, she will delay her Journey two months beyond her 1st intention—it keeps me in eternal suspense all the while—for she will come unawares at last upon me—& then adieu to the dear Sweetens of my retirement.

How cruelly are our Lots drawn my dear,—both made for happiness—& neither of us made to taste it! In feeling so acutely for my own disap^tment I drop blood for thine—I call thee in to my Aid—& thou wantest mine as much—Were we together we sh^d recover—but never, never till then *nor by any other Recipe.*

July 12.—Am ill all day with the Impressions of Yes-

terday's account—can neither eat or drink or sit still & write or read—I walk like a disturbed Spirit ab^t my garden calling upon heaven & thee to come to my succour.—Couldst thou but write one word to me it would be worth half the world to me—my friends write me millions—& every one invites me to flee from my Solitude & come to them—I obey the commands of my friend Hall who has sent over on purpose to fetch me—or he will come himself for me—so I set off to morrow morning to take Sanctuary in Crasy Castle—The news papers have sent me there already by putting in the following paragraph.

“We hear from Yorkshire That Skelton Castle is the present Rendezvous of the most brilliant Wits of the Age—the admired Author of *Tristram*, M^r Garrick &c. being there, & M^r Coleman & many other men of Wit & Learning being every day expected”—when I get there, w^{ch} will be to morrow night, my Eliza will hear from her Yorick—her Yorick who loves her more than ever.

July 13.—Skelton Castle. . . . Your Picture has gone round the table after supper—& y^r health after it, my invaluable friend!—even the Ladies, who hate grace in another seemed struck with it in You—but alas! you are as a dead person—& Justice (as in all such cases) is paid you in course—when thou returnest it will be rendered more sparingly—but I'll make up all deficiencies by honouring you more than ever Woman was honoured by man—every good quality that ever good heart possessed, thou possessest my dear Girl, & so sovereignly does thy temper & sweet sociability, which harmonize all thy other properties make me thine, that whilst thou art true to thyself and thy Bramin—he thinks thee worth a world

—& w^d give a world was he Master of it, for the undisturbed possession of thee—Time & Chance are busy throwing this Die for me—a fortunate Cast, or two, at the most, makes our fortune—it gives us each other—& then for the world—I w^{ll} not give a pinch of snuff.—Do take care of thyself—keep this prospect before thy eyes—have a view to it in all y^r transactions, Eliza,—In a word Remember You are Mine—and stand answerable for all you say & do to me—I govern myself by the same rule—& such a History of myself can I lay before you as shall create no blushes but those of pleasure—tis midnight—& so sweet sleep to thee the remaining hours of it. I am more thine my dear Eliza! than ever—but that cannot be——

July 14.—Dining & feasting all day at M^r Turner's—his Lady, a fine Woman herself, in love wth your Picture—O my dear Lady cried I, did you but know the Original—but what is she to you, Tristram?—nothing; but that I am in Love with her—et ceetera — — — said she—No I have given over dashes—replied I — — I verily think my Eliza I shall get this Picture set, so as to wear it as I at first proposed—a^{bt} my neck—I do not like the place tis in—it shall be nearer my heart—Thou art ever in its centre—good night——

July 15.—From home (Skelton Castle) from 8 in the morning till late at supper—I seldom have put thee so off my dear Girl—& yet to morrow will be as bad.

July 16.—for M^r Hall has this Day left his Crasy Castle to come and sojourn with me at Shandy Hall for a few days—for so they have long christened our retired

Cottage—we are just arrived at it & whilst he is admiring the premisses—I have stole away to converse a few minutes with thee, and in thy own dressing room—for I make every thing thine & call it so beforehand, that thou art to be mistress of hereafter. The *Hereafter* Eliza is but a melancholly term—but the certainty of its coming to us brightens it up. Pray do not forget my prophecy in the Dedication of the Almanack—I have the utmost faith in it myself—but by what impulse my mind was struck with 3 years, heaven, whom I believe its author, best knows—but I shall see your face before—but that I leave to you—& to the Influence such a Being must have over all inferior ones—We are going to dine with the Arch Bishop to morrow—& from thence to Harrogate for three days, whilst thou dear Soul art pent up in a sultry nastiness—without variety or change of face or conversation.—Thou shalt have enough of both when I cater for thy happiness Eliza—& if an affectionate husband & 400 p^{ds} a year in a sweeter valley than that of Jehosophat will do—less thou shalt never have—but I hope more—& were it millions tis the same—twould be laid at thy feet—Hall is come in in raptures with every thing—& so I shut up my Journal for today & tomorrow for I shall not be able to open it where I go. Adieu my dear Girl—

18.—Was yesterday all the day with our A-Bishop — — this good Prelate who is one of our most refined Wits & the most of a gentleman of our order—oppresses me with his kindness—he shews in his treatment of me, what he told me upon taking my Leave—that he loves me & has a high Value for me—his chaplains tell me he is perpetually talking of me—& has such an opinion of my

head & heart that he begs to stand Godfather for my next Literary production—so has done me the hon^r of putting his name in a List which I am most proud of because my Eliza's name is in it.—I have just a moment to scrawl this to thee, being at York—where I want to be employ'd in taking you a little house, where the prophet may be accommodated with a *Chamber in the Wall apart, with a stool & a Candlestick.*” where his soul can be at rest from the distractions of the world, & lean only upon his kind hostesse, & repose all his cares & melt them *along with hers* in her sympathetic bosom.

July 19.—Harrogate Spaws.—drinking the waters here till the 26th—to no effect, but a cold dislike of every one of your sex—I did nothing but make comparisons betwixt thee my Eliza, & every Woman I saw and talk'd to—thou has made me so unfit for every one else—that I am thine as much from necessity as Love—I am thine by a thousand sweet ties, the least of which shall never be relaxed—be assured my dear Bramine of this—& repay me in so doing the confidence I repose in thee—Y^r Absence, Y^r distresses, your sufferings, your conflicts all make me rely but the more upon that fund in you w^{ch} is able to sustain so much weight—Providence I know will relieve you from one part of it—and it shall be the pleasure of my days to ease my dear friend of the other—I love thee Eliza, more than the heart of Man ever loved Woman's—I even love thee more than I did the day thou bade'st me farewell!—Farewell!—Farewell! to thee again—I'm going from hence to York Races.

July 27.—Arrived at York—where I had not been 2 hours before my heart was overset with a pleasure

w^{ch} beggared every other that fate could give me—save thyself—It was thy dear Packets from Iago—I cannot give vent to all the emotions I felt even before I opened them—for I knew thy hand—& my seal—w^{ch} was only in thy possession—O tis from my Eliza, said I.—I instantly shut the door of my Bedchamber and ordered myself to be denied—& spent the whole evening, and till dinner the next day, in reading over and over again the most interesting Acc^t, & the most endearing one, that ever tried the tenderness of Man—I read and wept—and wept & read till I was blind—then grew sick, & went to bed—& in an hour called again for the Candle—to read it once more—as for my dear Girl’s pains & her dangers I cannot write ab^t them—because I cannot write my feelings or express them any how to my mind—O Eliza! but I will talk them over with thee with a sympathy that shall woo thee so much better than I have ever done—That we will both be gainers in the end—‘*I’ll love thee for the dangers thou hast past*’—and thy affection shall go hand in hand wth me because I’ll pity thee as no man ever pitied Woman—but Love like mine is never satisfied—else y^r 2nd Letter from Iago—is a Letter so warm, so simple, so tender! I defy the world to produce such another—by all that’s kind & gracious! I will entreat thee Eliza so kindly—that thou shalt say, [*erasure*] I merit much of it—nay all—for my merit to thee is my truth.

I now want to have this week of nonsensical festivity over—that I may get back with thy Picture w^{ch} I ever carry ab^t me—to my retreat and to Cordelia—when the days of our afflictions are over, I oft amuse my fancy wth an Idea, that thou wilt come down to me by stealth, [*erasure*] & hearing where I have walked out to—surprize me some sweet moon shiney Night at Cordelia’s

grave, & catch me in thy arms over it—O my Bramin!
my Bramin!——

July 31.—am tired to death with the hurrying pleasures of these Races—I want still & *silent* ones—so return home to morrow in search of them—I shall find them as I sit contemplating over thy passive picture; sweet Shadow of what is to come! for tis all I can now grasp—first and best of Woman kind! remember me, as I remember thee—tis asking a great deal my Bramine! but I cannot be satisfied with less—farewell—fare—happy till Fate will let me cherish thee myself.—O my Eliza! thou writest tome with an Angel's pen—& thou wouldst win me by thy Letters, had I never seen thy face or known thy heart.

Augst 1.—What a sad Story thou hast told me of thy sufferings & Despondences from S^t Iago, till thy meeting wth the Dutch ship—twas a sympathy above tears—I trembled every nerve as I went from line to line—& every moment the Acc^t comes across me—I suffer all I felt, over & over again—will providence suffer all this anguish without end—& without pity?—“*it no can be*”—I am tried my dear Bramine in the furnace of Affliction as much as thou—by the time we meet we shall be fit only for each other—& should cast away upon any other Harbour.

Augst 2.—my wife [*line and a half of erasures*] uses me most unmercifully—every soul advises me to fly from her—but where can I fly if I fly not to thee? The Bishop of Cork & Ross has made me great offers in Ireland—but I will take no step without thee—& till heaven

opens us some track—He is the best of feeling tender hearted men—knows our Story—sends You his blessing—and says if the Ship you return in touches at Cork (w^{ch} many India Men do)—he will take you to his Palace till he can send for me to join you—he only hopes, he says, to join us together for ever—but more of this good man & his attachment to me—hereafter.

and of a couple of Ladies in the family &c. &c.¹

Augth 3^d.—I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here (but sweet Cordelia's Parish is not one of 'em) for a Living of 350 p^{ds} a year in Surry ab^t 30 miles from London—& retaining Cox-would & my Prebendaryship—w^{ch} are half as much more—the Country also is sweet—but I will not—I cannot take any step unless I had thee my Eliza for whose sake I live, to consult with—& till the road is open for me as my heart wishes to advance—with thy sweet light Burden in my Arms I could get up fast the hill of Preferment if I chose it—but without thee I feel Lifeless—and if a Mitre was offered me I would not have it till I could have thee too, to make it sit easy upon my brow—I want kindly to smooth thine, & not only wipe away thy tears but dry up the Source of them for ever.

Augth 4.—Hurried backwards & forwards ab^t the arrival of Madame, this whole week—& then farewell I fear to this Journal—till I get up to London—& can pursue it as I wish—at present all I can write would be but the History of my miserable feelings—She will be ever pre-

¹ This interpolated line should probably come before the word "hereafter" in the previous sentence.

sent—& if I take up my pen for thee—something will jarr within me as I do it—that I must lay it down again—I will give you one gen^l Acc^t of all my sufferings together—but not in Journals—I shall set my wounds a-bleeding everyday afresh by it—& the Story cannot be too short—so worthiest best, kindest & affect^o of Souls farewell—every Moment will I have thee present, & sooth my sufferings with the looks my fancy shall cloath thee in—Thou shalt lye down & rise up with me—ab^t my bed & ab^t my paths, & shalt see out all my ways.—adieu—adieu—& remember one eternal truth My dear Bramine, w^{ch} is not the worse because I have told it thee a thousand times before—That I am thine—& thine only, & for ever.

L. STERNE.

Nov. 1st.—All my dearest Eliza has turnd out more favourable than my hopes—M^r S—— & my dear Girl have been 2 months with me & they have this day left me to go to spend the Winter at York, after having settled every thing to their hearts content—M^r Sterne retires into france, whence she purposes not to stir till her death—& never, has she vowed, will give me another sorrowful or discontented hour—I have conquered her as I w^d every one else, by humanity & Generosity—& she leaves me, more than half in Love wth me—she goes into the South of france, her health being insupportable in England—& her age, as she now confesses ten years more than I thought—being on the edge of sixty—so God bless—& make the remainder of her life happy—in order to w^{ch} I am to remit her three hundred guineas a year—and give my dear Girl two thousand p^{ds}—w^{ch} wth all

joy I agree to,—but tis to be sunk into annnuity in the french Loans——

——And now Eliza! Let me talk to thee—But what can I say,—of what can I write—But the Yearnings of heart wasted with looking & wishing for thy Return—Return—Return! my dear Eliza! May heaven smooth the Way for thee to send thee safely to us, & Soj[ourn]
for Ever

LETTERS FROM
YORICK TO ELIZA

The LETTERS FROM YORICK TO ELIZA, *first*
published by an anonymous Editor, in 1775, are here
reprinted from The Literary Miscellany, printed at
the office of GEORGE NICHOLSON, Ludlow, 1799,
but earlier and later editions have also been consulted.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD APSLEY,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

My Lord,

The Editor of the following Letters is so far from having tasted your Lordship's bounty, that he is, and perhaps ever must remain, a stranger to your person, consequently no adulation is to be apprehended from him—

He leaves it to the weak and oppressed, the widow and orphan, to proclaim your Lordship's virtues in your public capacity; that which he would celebrate is of a private nature, namely, your filial affection, which is so conspicuous, that he flatters himself a volume of Letters written by such a person as Mr. Sterne, in which your noble father is placed in a light so truly amiable, cannot fail of engaging your Lordship's gracious acceptance and protection—in this hope, and upon this foundation, he presumes to dedicate these papers to your Lordship, and to have the honour of subscribing himself,

*My Lord,
your Lordship's most obedient,
and most humble servant,
The Editor.*

THE PREFACE.

THE foul and infamous traffic, between dishonest booksellers, and profligate scribblers, which has subsisted for more than a century, has justly brought posthumous publications under suspicion, in England, France, and more especially in Holland: ministers of state in every European court, great generals, royal mistresses, authors of established reputation, in a word, all such as have had the misfortune to advance themselves to eminence, have been obliged to leave behind them parcels of letters, and other memoirs, of the most secret and important transactions of their times, in which, every fact beyond the information of a news-paper, or coffee-house chat, is so faithfully misrepresented, every character delineated with such punctual deviation from the truth, and causes and effects which have no possible relation, are with such amazing effrontery obtruded on the public, that it is no wonder if men of sense, who read for instruction as well as entertainment, generally condemn them in the lump, never, or very rarely, affording them the honour of a perusal,—the publisher of these letters, however, has not the smallest apprehension that any part of this well-grounded censure can fall to his share; he deals not in surprising events to astonish the reader, nor in characters (one excepted) which have figured on the great theatre of the world; he purposely waves all proofs which might be drawn concerning their authenticity, from the character of the gentleman who had the perusal of the originals, and, with Eliza's permission faithfully copied them at Bombay in the East Indies; from the testimony of many reputable families in London who knew and loved Eliza, caressed and admired Mr. Sterne, and were well acquainted with the tender friendship between

them, from many curious anecdotes in the letters themselves, any one of which were fully sufficient to authenticate them, and submits his reputation to the taste and discernment of the commonest reader, who must, in one view, perceive that these letters are genuine, beyond any possibility of doubt,—as the public is unquestionably entitled to every kind of information concerning the characters contained in these letters, which consists with the duties of humanity and a good citizen, that is, a minute acquaintance with those of whom honourable mention is made, or the publisher is furnished with authorities to vindicate from Mr. Sterne's censures, which, as a man of warm temper and lively imagination, he was perhaps sometimes hurried into without due reflection, he persuades himself that no party concerned, will or can be offended with this publication, especially if it is considered, that without such information it would be cold and unentertaining; that by publishing their merits he cannot be understood to intend them any injury, and without it, it would in himself fail in his duty to the public.—Eliza, the lady to whom these letters are addressed, is Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq. counsellor at Bombay, and at present chief of the English factory at Surat, a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe—she is by birth an East Indian; but the circumstances of being born in the country not proving sufficient to defend her delicate frame against the heats of that burning climate, she came to England for the recovery of her health, when by accident she became acquainted with Mr. Sterne. He immediately discovered in her a mind so congenial with his own, so enlightened, so refined, and so tender, that their mutual attraction presently joined them in the closest union that

purity could possibly admit of; he loved her as his friend, and prided in her as his pupil; all her concerns became presently his; her health, her circumstances, her reputation, her children, were his; his fortune, his time, his country, were at her disposal, so far as the sacrifice of all or any of these might, in his opinion, contribute to her real happiness. If it is asked whether the glowing heat of Mr. Sterne's affection never transported him to a flight beyond the limits of pure Platonism, the publisher will not take upon him absolutely to deny it; but this he thinks, so far from leaving any stain upon that gentleman's memory, that it perhaps includes his fairest encomium; since to cherish the seeds of piety and chastity in a heart which the passions are interested to corrupt, must be allowed to be the noblest effort of a soul fraught and fortified with the justest sentiments of religion and virtue.—Mr. and Mrs. James, so frequently and honourably mentioned in these letters, are the worthy heads of an opulent family in this city; their character is too well established to need the aid of the publisher in securing the estimation they so well deserve, and universally possess, yet, he cannot restrain one observation; that to have been respected and beloved by Mr. Sterne and Mrs. Draper, is no inconsiderable testimony of their merit, and such as it cannot be displeasing to them to see published to the world.—Miss Light, now Mrs. Stratton, is on all accounts a very amiable young lady—she was accidentally a passenger in the same ship with Eliza; and instantly engaged her friendship and esteem; but being mentioned in one of Mrs. Draper's letter to Mr. Sterne, in somewhat of a comparative manner with herself, his partiality for her, as she modestly expressed it, took the alarm, and betrayed him into some expressions, the

coarseness of which cannot be excused. Mrs. Draper declares that this lady was entirely unknown to him, and infinitely superior to his idea of her: she has been lately married to George Stratton, Esq. counsellor at Madras. —The manner in which Mr. Sterne's acquaintance with the celebrated Lord Bathurst, the friend and companion of Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, and all the finest wits of the last age, commenced, cannot fail to attract the attention of the curious reader: here, that great man is social and unreserved, unshackled with that sedulity in supporting a feigned character which exposes most of his rank to the contempt of wise men, and the ridicule of their valets de chambre; here he appears the same as in his hours of festivity and happiness with Swift and Addison, superior to forms and ceremonies, and, in his eighty-fifth year, abounding in wit, vivacity, and humanity: methinks the pleasure of such a gentleman's acquaintance resembles that of conversing with superior beings; but it is not fit to dwell longer on this pleasing topic, lest it should anticipate the reader's pleasure in perusing the letter itself. One remark however it suggests, which may be useful to old men in general, namely, that it appears by his Lordship's example, the sour contracted spirit observable in old age, is not specifically an effect of years, although they are commonly pleaded in its excuse. Old men would therefore do well to correct this odious quality in themselves; or, if that must not be, to invent a better apology for it.—It is very much to be lamented, that Eliza's modesty was invincible to all the publisher's endeavours to obtain her answers to these letters: her wit, penetration, and judgment, her happiness in the epistolary style, so rapturously commended by Mr. Sterne, could not fail to furnish a rich entertain-

ment for the public. The publisher could not help telling her, that he wished to God she really was possessed of that vanity with which she was charged; to which she replied, that she was so far from acquitting herself of vanity, that she suspected that to be the cause why she could not prevail on herself to submit her letters to the public eye; for although Mr. Sterne was partial to every thing of her's, she could not hope that the world would be so too. With this answer he was obliged to be contented; yet cannot reflect without deep concern, that this elegant accomplishment, so peculiarly adapted to the refined and delicate understandings of ladies should be yet so rare, that we can boast of only one Lady Wortley Montague among us; and that Eliza, in particular, could not be prevailed on to follow the example of that admired lady.—The reader will remark that these letters have various signatures; sometimes he signs Sterne, sometimes Yorick, and to one or two he signs Her Bramin. Although it is pretty generally known who the Bramins are, yet lest any body should be at a loss, it may not be amiss to observe, that the principal cast or tribe among the idolatrous Indians are the Bramins, and out of the chief class of this cast comes the priests so famous for their austerities, and the shocking torments, and frequently death, they voluntarily expose themselves to, on a religious account. Now, as Mr. Sterne was a clergyman, and Eliza an Indian by birth, it was customary with her to call him her Bramin, which he accordingly, in his pleasant moods, used as a signature.—

It remains only to take some notice of the family, marked with asterisks, on whom Mr. Sterne has thought proper to shed the bitterest gall of his pen. It is however evident, even from some passages in the letters them-

selves, that Mrs. Draper could not be easily prevailed on to see this family in the same odious light in which they appeared to her, perhaps, over zealous friend. He, in the heat, or I may say, hurry of his affection, might have accepted suspicious circumstances as real evidences of guilt, or listened too unguardedly to the insinuations of their enemies.

Be that as it may, as the publisher is not furnished with sufficient authorities to exculpate them, he chuses to drop the ungrateful subject, heartily wishing, that this family may not only be innocent of the shocking treachery with which they are charged, but may be able to make their innocence appear clearly to the world; otherwise, that no person may be industrious enough to make known their name.

LETTERS FROM YORICK TO ELIZA

LETTER I.

ELIZA will receive my books with this. The sermons all came hot from the heart: I wish that I could give them any title to be offered to yours.—The others came from the head—I am more indifferent about their reception.

I know not how it comes about, but I am half in love with you—I ought to be wholly so; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your sex than of you; so adieu,

Yours, faithfully,

If not affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER II.

I CANNOT rest, Eliza, tho' I shall call on you at half past twelve, till I know how you do.—May thy dear face smile, as thou risest, like the sun of this morning. I was much grieved to hear of your alarming indisposition yesterday; and disappointed, too, at not being let in.—Remember, my dear, that a friend has the same right as a physician. The etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say otherwise.—No matter! Delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven; when I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to see thy Bramin.

9 o'clock.

LETTER III.

I RECEIVED thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old Lord toasted your health three different times; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other nabobesses as much in wealth, as she does already in exterior, and (what is far better) in interior, merit. I hope so too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine.—You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table.—The manner in which his notice began of me was as singular as it was polite.—He came up to me, one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's court. "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you should know, also, who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard," continued he, "of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts, have sung and spoken of much: I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast; but have survived them;

and, despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again: but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die; which I now do; so go home and dine with me." This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty.—A disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others beyond whatever I knew: added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction; for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us.—And a most sentimental afternoon, till nine o'clock, have we passed! But thou, Eliza, wert the star that conducted and enlivened the discourse.—And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warmed every thought I uttered; for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee.—Best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained the whole night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words.—Assuredly does Heaven give strength proportioned to the weight he lays upon us! Thou hast been bowed down, my child, with every burden that sorrow of heart, and pain of body, could inflict upon a poor being; and still thou tellest me, thou art beginning to get ease;—thy fever gone, thy sickness, the pain in thy side vanishing also.—May every evil so vanish that thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but awakens thy fears for a moment!—Fear nothing my dear!—Hope every thing; and the balm of this passion will shed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and cheerfulness, more than thou hast hardly yet tasted.

And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing-desk; and wilt consult it in all doubts and difficulties.—Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou do'st; his picture does not do justice to his own complacency!

Thy sweet little plan and distribution of thy time—how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leave'st me nothing to direct thee in; thou leave'st me nothing to require, nothing to ask—but a continuation of that conduct which won my esteem and has made me thy friend for ever.

May the roses come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! But trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband (if he is the good feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy pale, poor, dejected face, with more transport than he would be able to do in the best bloom of all thy beauty;—and so he ought, or I pity him. He must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art!

I am glad Miss Light goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments.—I am glad your ship-mates are friendly beings. You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza.—It would civilize savages.—Tho' pity were it thou should'st be tainted with the office! How can'st thou make apologies for thy last letter? 't is most delicious to me for the very reasons you excuse it. Write to me, my child, only such. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself any how, and

every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust. Such, Eliza, I write to thee,—and so I should ever live with thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe; for I am, all that honour and affection can make me,

THY BRAMIN.

LETTER IV.

I WRITE this, Eliza, at Mr. James's, whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl, his wife, is writing, beside me, to thee.—I got your melancholy billet before we sat down to dinner. 'Tis melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness! Thou art encountered with evils enow, without that additional weight! I fear it will sink thy poor soul, and body with it, past recovery.—Heaven supply thee with fortitude! We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James and thy Bramin, have mixt their tears a hundred times, in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces.—The ****'s, by heavens, are worthless! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name.—How could you, Eliza, leave them (or suffer them to leave you rather) with impressions the least favourable? I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life! Yet still thou toldest Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately love thee.—Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness.—For God's sake write not to them; nor foul thy fair character

with such polluted hearts.—*They* love thee! What proof? Is it their actions that say so? or their zeal for those attachments, which do thee honour, and make thee happy? or their tenderness for thy fame? No—But they *weep*, and say *tender things*.—Adieu to all such for ever! Mrs. James's honest heart revolts against the idea of ever returning them one visit.—I honour her, and I honour thee, for almost every act of thy life, but this blind partiality for an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right which arises only out of that fund of affection I have, and shall preserve for thee, to the hour of my death! Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually advising thee; think whether I can have any, but what proceed from the cause I have mentioned! I think you are a very deserving woman; and that you want nothing but firmness, and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best female character I know. I wish I could inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge; (tho' to me it has never been visible) because I think in a well turned mind, it will produce good effects.

I probably shall never see you more; yet I flatter myself you'll sometimes think of me with pleasure; because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourself. I had not power to keep this remonstrance in my breast.—It's now out; so adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza!

Thine,

YORICK.

LETTER V.

TO whom should Eliza apply in her distress, but to her friend who loves her? why, then, my dear, do you apologize for employing me? Yorick would be offended, and with reason, if you ever sent commissions to another, which he could execute. I have been with Zumps; and your piano fort  must be tuned from the brass middle string of your guitar, which is C. I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of plyers to twist your wire with; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate sweet comfort to my hopes! I have bought you ten handsome brass screws, to hang your necessities upon: I purchased twelve; but stole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin, at Coxwould.—I shall never hang, or take my hat off one of them, but I shall think of you. I have bought thee, moreover, a couple of iron screws, which are more to be depended on than brass, for the globes.

I have written also to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had dispatched these in a packet, directed to his care; which I desired he would seek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I have, moreover, given him directions, what sort of an armed chair you would want, and have directed him to purchase the best that Deal could afford, and take it with the parcel, in the first boat that went off. Would I could, Eliza, so supply all thy wants, and all thy wishes! It would be a state of happiness to me.—The journal is as it should be—all but its contents. Poor, dear, patient being! I do more than pity you; for I think I lose both firmness and philosophy,

as I figure to myself your distresses. Do not think I spoke last night with too much asperity of ****, there was cause; and besides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one; and, indeed, cannot. But adieu to the ungrateful subject.

I have been this morning to see Mrs. James.—She loves thee tenderly, and unfeignedly.—She is alarmed for thee—She says thou lookedst most ill and melancholy on going away. She pities thee. I shall visit her every Sunday, while I am in town. As this may be my last letter, I earnestly bid thee farewell.—May the God of Kindness be kind to thee and approve himself thy protector, now thou art defenceless! And for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, that whatever measure of sorrow and distress is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee in a full measure of happiness by the Being thou hast wisely chosen for thy eternal friend.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza; whilst I live, count upon me as the most warm and disinterested of earthly friends.

YORICK.

LETTER VI.

My dearest Eliza!

I BEGAN a new journal this morning; you shall see it; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it to you as a legacy. 'Tis a sorrowful page; but I will write cheerful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they should be cheerful ones too: but few, I fear, will

reach thee! However, depend upon receiving something of the kind by every post; till thou waveſt thy hand, and bid'ſt me write no more.

Tell me how you are; and what sort of fortitude heaven inspires you with. How are you accommodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away, any thing, and every thing to me. Depend on seeing me at Deal, with the Jameses, should you be detained there by contrary winds.—Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any service, or doing you kindness. Gracious and merciful God! consider the anguish of a poor girl.—Strengthen and preserve her in all the shocks her frame muſt be exposed to. She is now without any protector but thee! Save her from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort to the laſt.

My prayer, Eliza, I hope, is heard; for the sky seems to smile upon me as I look up to it. I am juſt returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours.—She has procured your picture, and likes it: but Marriot, and some other judges agree that mine is the better, and expressive of a sweeter character. But what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that hers is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to please a very sincere friend, or sentimental philosopher.—In the one, you are dressed in smiles, and with all the advantages of silks, pearls, and ermine;—in the other, simple as a veſtal—appearing the good girl nature made you; which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness than Mrs. Draper, habited for conquest in a birth-day suit, with her countenance animated, and

his dimples visible.—If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your person into your face, with more than *common* care, the day you sat for Mrs. James;—your colour too, brightened; and your eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy. I then requested you to come simple and unadorned when you sat for me—knowing (as I see with *unprejudiced* eyes) that you could receive no addition from the silk-worm's aid, or jeweller's polish. Let me now tell you a truth, which I believe I have uttered before.—When I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dress (tho' fashionable) disfigured you.—But nothing now could render you such, but the being solicitous to make yourself admired as a handsome one.—You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will please the tenth part of your beholders,—but you are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance; nor was there, (nor ever will be) that man of sense, tenderness and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not (or will not be) your admirer, or friend, in consequence of it; that is, if you assume, or assumed, no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artless being nature designed you for. A something in your eyes, and voice, you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of.—But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with.

Were your husband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds (if money could purchase the acquisition) to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey. I am sure the

work would sell so much the better for it that I should be re-imbursed the sum more than seven times told—I would not give nine-pence for the picture of you, the Newnhams have had executed.—It is the resemblance of a conceited, made-up coquette. Your eyes, and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifestly injured by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artist's or your friend's false taste. The ****'s, who verify the character I once gave of teasing, or sticking like pitch, or bird-lime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. **** on Friday.—She sent back, she was engaged.—Then to meet at Ranelagh, to-night.—She answered she did not go.—She says, if she allows the least footing, she could never get rid of the acquaintance; which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours; and the first use they would make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time. Let her not then, let her not my dear, be a greater friend to thee, than thou art to thyself. She begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her, and thy Bramin, inexpressible pain. Be assured, all this is not without reason on her side. I have my reasons too; the first of which is, that I should grieve to excess, if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon. I said, I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word. I will

write again to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee through every watch of it. Adieu.

LETTER VII.

I THINK you could act no otherwise than you did with the young soldier. There was no shutting the door against him, either in politeness or humanity. Thou tellest me he seems susceptible of tender impressions; and that before Miss Light has sailed a fortnight, he will be in love with her.—Now I think it a thousand times more likely that he attaches himself to thee, Eliza; because thou art a thousand times more amiable. Five months with Eliza—and in the same room; and an amorous son of Mars besides!—“*It cannot be masser.*” The sun, if he could avoid it, would not shine upon a dunghill; but his rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial,—I never heard that they were polluted by it.—Just such will thine be, dearest child, in this, and every situation to which thou wilt be exposed, till thou art fixed for life.—But thy discretion, thy wisdom, thy honour, the spirit of thy Yorick, and thy own spirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ablest counsellors.

Surely, by this time, something is doing for thy accommodation.—But why may not clean washing and rubbing do, instead of painting your cabin, as it is to be hung? Paint is so pernicious, both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you so much longer too, out of your apartment; where, I hope, you will pass some of your happiest hours.—

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I fear the best of your shipmates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew, with which you must behold them. So was—you know who!—from the same fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when—but I will not mortify you. If they are decent and distant, it is enough; and as much as is to be expected. If any of them are more, I rejoice;—thou wilt want every aid; and 't is thy due to have them. Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them. Heaven inspire thine with fortitude, in this, and every deadly trial! Best of God's works, farewell! Love me, I beseech thee; and remember me for ever!

I am, my Eliza, and will ever be, in the most comprehensive sense,

Thy friend,

Y O R I C K .

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by some Dutch or French ship, or from the Cape de Verd Islands—it will reach me some how.—

LETTER VIII.

My dear Eliza!

OH! I grieve for your cabin.—And the fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee. Nothing so pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourself, dear girl; and sleep not in it too soon. It will be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepsy. I hope you will have left the ship; and that my Letters may meet,

and greet you, as you get out of your post-chaise, at Deal.—When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into some order.—The first eight or nine, are numbered; but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee; but thou wilt find them out by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are got together in chronological order, sew them together under a cover. I trust they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time; and that thou wilt (when weary of fools, and uninteresting discourse) retire, and converse an hour with them, and me.

I have not had power, or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them, with a single stroke of wit or humour; but they contain something better; and what you will feel more suited to your situation—a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart, in every one of them; which speak more than the most studied periods; and will give thee more ground of trust and reliance upon Yorick, than all which laboured eloquence could supply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. “May poverty, distress, anguish, and shame be my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent the knowledge of me.”—With this asseveration, made in the presence of a just God, I pray to him, that so it may speed with me, as I deal candidly and honourably with thee! I would not mislead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee, in the opinion of a single individual, for the richest crown the proudest monarch wears.

Remember, that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may style, and think yours—tho’ sorry should

I be if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake.—Money and counters are of equal use in my opinion; they both serve to set up with.

I hope you will answer me this letter; but if thou art debarred by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee; and knowing it to be such a one as thou wouldst have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's.

Honour, and happiness, and health, and comforts of every kind, sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls! I will live for thee, and my Lydia—be rich for the dear children of my heart—gain wisdom, gain fame, and happiness to share with them—with thee—and her, in my old age.—Once for all, adieu! Preserve thy life; steadily pursue the ends we proposed; and let nothing rob thee of those powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last postman's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myself to Heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation, "that we may be happy and meet again; if not in this world, in the next."—Adieu! I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlastingly,

Y O R I C K .

LETTER IX.

I WISH to God, Eliza, it was possible to postpone the voyage to India, for another year; for I am firmly persuaded within my own heart, that thy husband could never limit thee with regard to time.

I fear that Mr. B——has exaggerated matters.—I like not his countenance. It is absolutely killing.—Should evil befall thee, what will he not have to answer for? I know not the being that will be deserving of so much pity, or that I shall hate more. He will be an outcast alien—in which case I will be a father to thy children, my good girl!—therefore take no thought about them.—

But, Eliza, if thou art so very ill still, put off all thoughts of returning to India this year.—Write to your husband—tell him the truth of your case.—If he is the generous, humane man you describe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct.—I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England, arises only from the dread which has entered his brain, that thou mayest run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he must discharge them.—That such a creature should be sacrificed for the paltry consideration of a few hundreds is too, too hard! Oh! my child, that I could, with propriety, indemnify him for every charge, even to the last mite, that thou hast been of to him! With joy would I give him my whole subsistence—nay, sequester my livings, and trust the treasures Heaven has furnished my head with for a future subsistence.

You owe much, I allow, to your husband;—you owe something to appearances, and the opinion of the world; but trust me, my dear, you owe much likewise, to yourself.—Return, therefore, from Deal, if you continue ill—I will prescribe for you, gratis.—You are not the first woman, by many, I have done so for, with success. I will send for my wife and daughter, and they shall carry you, in pursuit of health, to Montpelier, the wells of Bancois, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou shalt direct them, and make parties of pleasure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee. We shall fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose ourselves in the sweet labyrinths of its vallies.—And then thou shouldst warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee—“I’m lost, I’m lost”—but we should find thee again, my Eliza.—Of a similar nature to this, was your physician’s prescription: “Use gentle exercise, the pure southern air of France, or milder Naples—with the society of friendly gentle beings.” Sensible man! He certainly entered into your feelings. He knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature, whose ILLNESS HAS ARISEN FROM THE AFFLICTION OF HER MIND. Time only, my dear, I fear you must trust to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health so enthusiastic a votary to the charming goddess deserves.

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things, which if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction, which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity, or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, philosophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby’s widow.—I

don't mean to insinuate, hussey, that *my* opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it possible for any *Trim* to convince me it is equally fallacious.—I am sure, while I have my reason, it is not.—Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob—because I design to marry you myself.—My wife cannot live long—she has sold all the provinces in France already—and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself.—'Tis true, I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a disparity this!—but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good humour.—Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waler his Sacharissa, as I will love, and sing thee, my wife elect! All those names, eminent as they were, shall give place to thine, Eliza. Tell me in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal, and that you would (like the Spectator's mistress) have more joy in putting on an old man's slipper than in associating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young.—Adieu, my Simplicia!

Yours,

TRISTRAM.

LETTER X.

My dear Eliza!

I HAVE been within the verge of the gates of death—I was ill the last time I wrote to you, and apprehensive of what would be the consequence.—My fears were but too well founded; for in ten minutes after I dispatched

my letter, this poor, fine spun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning. I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it.—It came, I think, from my heart! I fell asleep through weakness. At six I awoke, with the bosom of my shirt steeped in tears. I dreamt I was sitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou camest into the room with a shawl in thy hand, and told me, my spirit had flown to thee in the Downs, with tidings of my fate; and that you had come to administer what consolation filial affection could bestow, and to receive my parting breath and blessing.—With that you folded the shawl about my waist, and, kneeling, supplicated my attention. I awoke; but in what a frame! Oh my God! “But thou wilt number my tears, and put them all into thy bottle.”—Dear girl! I see thee,—thou art forever present to my fancy, embracing my feeble knees, and raising thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort: and when I talk to Lydia, the words of Esau, as uttered by thee, perpetually ring in my ears—“Bless *me* even also, my father!”—Blessings attend thee, thou child of my heart!

My bleeding is quite stopped, and I feel the principle of life strong within me; so be not alarmed, Eliza—I know I shall do well. I have eaten my breakfast with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleasure arising from that prophetic impression in my imagination, that, “all will terminate to our heart's content.” Comfort thyself eternally with this persuasion, “that the best of beings (as thou hast sweetly expressed it) could not, by a combination of accidents, produce such a chain of events, merely to be the source of misery to the leading person

engaged in them." The observation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expressed. I wish my memory did justice to the wording of it.—Who taught you the art of writing so sweetly, Eliza?—You have absolutely exalted it to a science!—When I am in want of ready cash, and ill health will not permit my genius to exert itself, I shall print your letters, as finished essays, "by an unfortunate Indian lady." The style is new; and would almost be a sufficient recommendation for their selling well, without merit:—but their sense, natural ease, and spirit, is not to be equalled, I believe, in this section of the globe; nor, I will answer or it, by any of your countrywomen in yours—I have shewed your letter to Mrs. B—, and to half the literati in town.—You shall not be angry with me for it, because I meant to do you honour by it.—You cannot imagine how many admirers your epistolary productions have gained you, that never viewed your external merits.—I only wonder where thou couldst acquire thy graces, thy goodness, thy accomplishments—so connected! so educated! Nature has surely studied to make thee her peculiar care—for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the best and fairest of all her works.—

And so, this is the last letter thou art to receive from me; because the Earl of Chatham (I read in the papers) has got to the Downs;¹ and the wind, I find, is fair. If so—blessed woman! take my last, last farewell!—Cherish the remembrance of me; think how I esteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I set upon thee! Adieu, adieu! and with my adieu—let me give thee one straight rule of conduct, that thou hast heard from

¹ April 3, 1767.

my lips in a thousand forms—but I concenter it in one word,—

REVERENCE THYSELF!

Adieu, once more, Eliza! May no anguish of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I behold it again! May no doubts or misgivings disturb the serenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children—for they are Yorick's—and Yorick is thy friend for ever!—Adieu, adieu, adieu!

P. S. Remember, that Hope shortens all journies, by sweetening them—so sing my little stanza on the subject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning when thou arisest, and thou wilt eat thy breakfast with more comfort for it.

Blessings, rest, and Hygeia go with thee! May'st thou soon return in peace and affluence, to illumine my night! I am, and shall be, the last to deplore thy loss, and will be the first to congratulate and hail thy return.—

FARE THEE WELL!

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